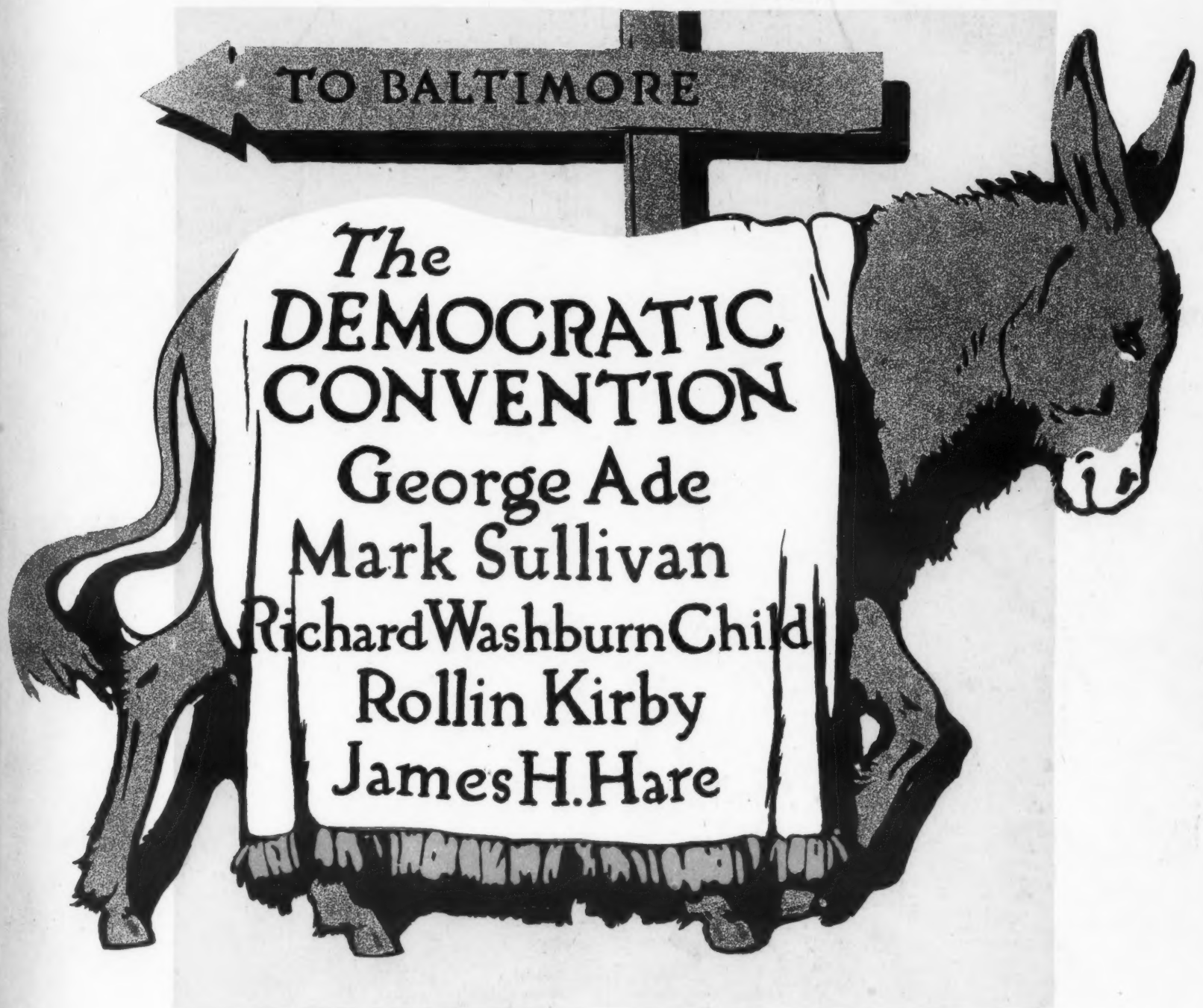


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

GENERAL LIBRARY
JUL 11 1912
UNIV. OF MICH.



\$3 AND YOU KEEP THIS 17 JEWEL ELGIN



GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

We want to send you this magnificent 16 size, Thin Model 17-Jewel Elgin, fully Adjusted to Temperature, Isochronism, and Three Positions, complete with fine double strata gold case, guaranteed twenty-five years on

30 Days' Free Trial!

And if you don't say this is the nicest Elgin Watch value you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only \$3.00 and the rest in similar amounts each month. No interest, no security, just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine Elgin is better than other Watches, costing twice or three times as much. We trust everybody everywhere, so

Send for Free Catalog

Write us today for particulars, and we will send you our new Watch and Diamond Book and also our Book entitled "Facts vs. Fancs" all about the Watch business, both at home and abroad. Write today. Do it now and get posted.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 498
Kansas City, Mo.
"Largest Watch House in America"

2 H. P. ENGINE

COMPLETE \$39

Ready to install For All Kinds of Boats

With Fittings, including Propeller and Shafting, Stuffing Box, Wiring, etc. Absolutely reliable. Extra power and extra wear. Compact, silent, low running cost. Perfect 2-cycle reversing engine. 2-Year Guarantee. So simple a woman or child can run it. Thousands in use in every civilized portion of the globe. Our Marine Engine Catalog describes the complete line. Free on request. Also Stationary Engines in all sizes. Catalog Free. 140 SPRING STREET, NORTHWESTERN STEEL & IRON WORKS, LAUREL, WIS.

3, 4, 6, 10 H. P. Proportionately low priced. Special prices to boat builders and agents.

VENUS PERFECT PENCILS

Free Trial: To prove to you the superior quality of Venus Perfect Pencils we will send you sample pencil free if you will write us. Ask for hard, soft or medium. Venus Perfect Pencils are the finest for every purpose. Last longest. Write smoothest. Erase cleanest. Do not break when used or sharpened.

17 Black gradations and 2 Colored. Absolutely guaranteed. WRITE.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
222 Fifth Ave., New York

10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. \$65 now—later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far exceeds any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your Free Offer."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.

The University of Chicago
Correspondence-Study Dept.

HOME STUDY

offers 250 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

LEARN SCIENTIFIC FARMING
WINONA COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

Opens 11th year Sept. 16th. Two years ALL agriculture course, prepares for all phases of farming. Experience on College Farm, in growing crops, live stock, dairying, fruit growing, etc. Increasing demand for Farm Managers, also for teachers of Agriculture. Athletes. Extra-fee reasonable. For Catalog, address J. C. Breckenridge, D. D., Pres., Box H., Winona Lake, Ind.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 79

THE wise man who believes he has correctly solved a problem always seeks a check-proof. He tests his proof by reaching the same solution from a different angle.

That is why a good bookkeeper first adds his column of figures up and then adds it down.

Advertising is the normal way for a manufacturer to prove to the public that his goods are worth buying. Advertising brings the prospective customer to see the goods. If the customer sees, is satisfied and buys, the manufacturer has proved his point—that his goods are the best in his line.

Recently I received from a western dealer a letter containing an interesting check-proof of my firm conviction that standard advertised goods are always the best. The letter follows:

"The other day a blind man, who is a skillful musician and a trained cabinet maker, came into our store to look (?) at some furniture. He runs his hands over the articles he wants and can tell those articles that come from the same factories. He bought a Globe-Wernicke Bookcase, a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet, an Ostermoor Mattress, and other standard advertised articles of furniture, because they 'felt' better to him than the other kind.

"In other words, the advertised articles are so good a blind man can see their superiority. Isn't that a new one?"

I think it is.

It proves, too, that not even a blind man need hesitate to buy goods advertised in Collier's and many other representative American publications.

It is safe to buy, without seeing, any goods advertised in Collier's.

T. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

A Portable Breeze

You can keep cool upstairs, downstairs, at work or at leisure with a

Western Electric Eight-Inch Fan



Here is a little fan so light you can carry it about from room to room. Made of pressed steel and weighs only 4½ pounds.



A summer comfort as essential as screens and awnings. Costs little to buy and only ¼ of a cent an hour to run—less than a single electric lamp.

There is a Western Electric agent near you. If you do not know him, drop us a card and we will put you in touch with his store. Ask for Fan Booklet No. 7678.



The new lightweight pressed-steel fan.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco	Montreal	London
Buffalo	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Oakland	Toronto	Berlin
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Minneapolis	Los Angeles	Winnipeg	Paris
Boston	Cincinnati	St. Paul	Salt Lake City	Calgary	Rome
Richmond	Indianapolis	Denver	Seattle	Vancouver	Johannesburg
Atlanta	St. Louis	Omaha	Dallas	Portland	Antwerp
Savannah					Sydney
					Tokyo

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Good for Every Part of Your Car

Polish a piece of metal and it will still show up rough under the microscope. This roughness is the cause of friction. Dixon's Motor Graphite covers up this roughness with a marvellously smooth and durable veneer that is almost frictionless.

DIXON'S Motor Graphite
(Pulverized Flake)

Mix it with your own choice of lubricants, or we will do it for you, as we manufacture a full line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite.

Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Grease No. 677—for differentials and transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.

Send your name and model of car for free book, No. 2460, "Lubricating the Motor."

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Established in 1827
Jersey City New Jersey

For Cylinders
For Transmissions
For Differentials

Fly-Proof

Keep your garbage tightly shut in—stamp out the worst breeding place for flies by using

Witt's Cans and Pails

made of corrugated steel. Close fitting lid makes them odor-proof, fly-proof. Outlast two of the ordinary kind. Three sizes of each. Look for the yellow label. At all dealers or direct. THE WITT CORNICE CO., Dept. 7, Winchell Ave., Cincinnati, O.

CALOX OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of Oxygen (peroxide)—Nature's purifier.

Ask your Dentist—he knows

All Druggists, 25 Cents

Sample and Booklet free on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK
Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 51c.

Collier's maintains an office at Washington to answer questions and supply information about the Government. The service is entirely without charge.

Address

Collier's Congressional Record

Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.



DO YOU, TOO, BELIEVE

in the power of persistence? The most successful advertisers know the value of keeping their advertising before the same people year in and year out, till their names and their goods become "familiar in their mouths as household words."

Farm Journal is a great medium for the persistent advertiser, because its subscribers persist in reading it. Its circulation is composed largely of long-term subscriptions, running from two to ten years. 58 advertisers did not miss an insertion in 1911.

Wilmer Atkinson Company
Publishers
FARM JOURNAL
Philadelphia

Sept number closes 8/5



INVESTORS
SHOULD WRITE FOR OUR
LATEST BOOKLET DESCRIBING
**HIGH GRADE
SOUTHERN BONDS**
STATE MUNICIPAL LEVEE
DRAINAGE & CORPORATION
NETTING 4% TO 6%
HIBERNIA BANK & TRUST CO.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS THREE MILLION DOLLARS
CARondelet ST. NEW ORLEANS

How to Accumulate \$1,000.00

Not a difficult thing to do. Buy one of our Easy Payment, Profit-sharing 5% Coupon Trust Bonds, paying interest semi-annually, and issued in denominations of \$1,000.00, up.

Write now for our Free Booklet De Luxe.

It describes our new method of saving.

GUARANTEE TRUST AND BANKING CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Bond Department Established 1899
CAPITAL \$500,000.00

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notices in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

The largest number of successful clients in our proof of
Patents that PROTECT
Send 8c stamps for new 128 p. book of Vital Interest to Inventors.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab 1869

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, booklets, newspaper. Press 25c. Larger \$1.50, Rotary \$5.00. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, card, paper, &c.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

Binder for Collier's
\$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S, 418 West 19th Street, New York

July 13

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
JULY 13, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX NO 17
P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS
ROBERT J. COLLIER, President
FRANKLIN COE, Vice President
418 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. For sale by Saabach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W. C.

TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street.

Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter Special Issues, 25 Cents.

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Ask the man who owns one

POWER
SAFETY
SPEED
STYLE

HILL-CLIMBING
SMOOTH RUNNING
CONSTANT EFFICIENCY
APPOINTMENT

GETAWAY
EASY DRIVING
COMFORT
STAMINA

In these and all other essentials, the Packard "48" is clearly the Dominant Six of the 1913 season—a logical reputation built on fourteen years of engineering success

The Packard "48" Line

Touring Car, seven passengers.....	\$4,850
Phaeton, five passengers.....	4,750
Runabout, two passengers and rumble.....	4,650
Limousine, seven passengers.....	5,850
Landaulet, seven passengers.....	5,950
Imperial Limousine, seven passengers.....	6,050
Brougham, five passengers.....	5,800
Coupe, three passengers.....	5,100

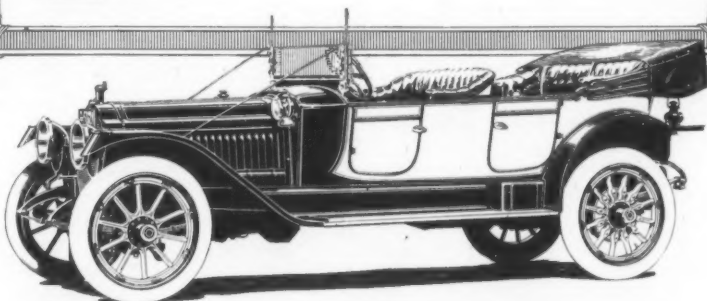
Standard equipment of open cars includes top and windshield

Packard dealers throughout the country cooperate with the Packard Motor Car Company in providing the most willing, the most expert and the most comprehensive service in the world.

Demonstration on any kind of road by any Packard dealer. The Packard "48" is fully described in the Packard Year Book, which may be obtained by request

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Packard



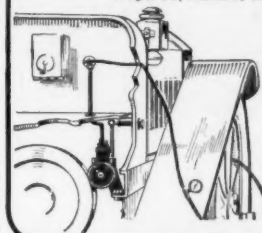
Let your Motor Pump your Tires

Rid yourself now and forever of the annoyance and drudgery of pumping tires by hand. By using a **Two-Minute Tire Pump** you can, without labor and in a few minutes time, equally inflate all four tires to the proper pressure.

The **"Two-Minute" Pump** is operated by simply turning a knob which throws the friction wheel of the pump in contact with the fly-wheel of your motor—it is always attached ready for use. Will more than pay for itself the first season by the saving in tire troubles and expense.

Write today for Free Descriptive Booklet.

Racine Engine & Machinery Co.
Dept. 11, Racine, Wis.



"Two Minute" Tire Pump

DEALERS:
Write quick for our proposition.



"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster Brakes and Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. Guaranteed 5 years.

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from \$12 up. A few good second-hand machines \$3 to \$8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U.S., without a cent in advance. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and a marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, sundries half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-54, CHICAGO



"What y'Doin' Now, Bill?"

You don't have to ask that question of a **trained** man, because you **know** his position is a permanent one—that he is not at the mercy of conditions that affect the **untrained** man.

You can always be sure of a good position and a good salary if you have the **special training** that puts and keeps you in demand. The International Correspondence Schools will bring **special training** to you, no matter where you live, or how little spare time or spare cash you have.

To learn how the I. C. S. can help you, and how you can easily qualify for success in your **chosen occupation**, mark and mail the attached coupon today. Doing so costs you only the postage. You assume no obligation. Do it NOW.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1198 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

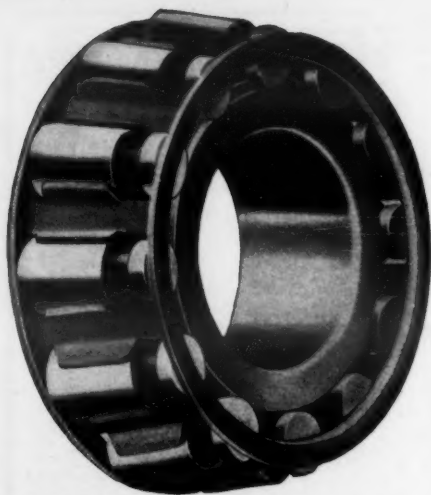
Electrical Engineer	Civil Service
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Telephone Expert	Stenography & Typewriting
Architect	Window Trimming
Building Contractor	Show Card Writing
Architectural Draftsman	Lettering and Sign Painting
Structural Engineer	Advertising
Concrete Construction	Commercial Illustrating
Mechan. Engineer	Industrial Designing
Mechanical Draftsman	Commercial Law
Civil Engineer	Teacher
Mine Superintendent	English Branches
Stationary Engineer	Poultry Farming
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture
Gas Engineer	Chemist
Automobile Running	Salesman
	Spanish
	German

Name _____

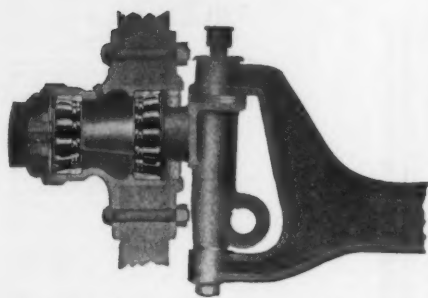
Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

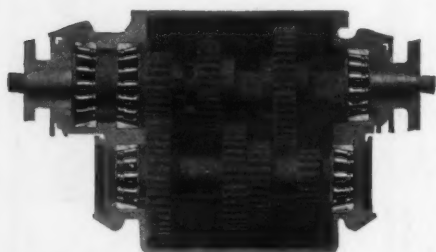
City _____ State _____



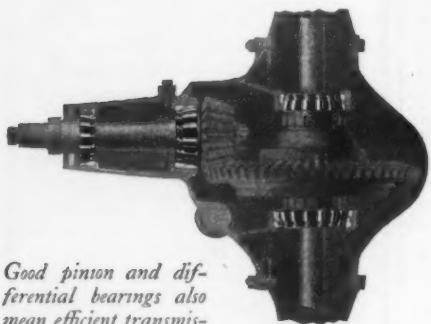
A Timken Roller Bearing, showing its cone, rollers and pressed-steel cage, but not the cup which fits over them



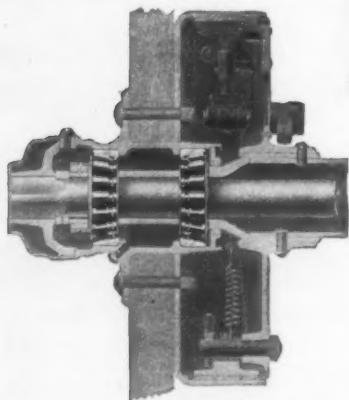
Front-wheel bearings must meet side-pressure—often in excess of the vertical load.



Good bearings in the transmission keep shafts in line and gears in mesh—saving power.



Good pinion and differential bearings also mean efficient transmission of power—saving gasoline.



The rear-wheel bearings carry more than half the car's weight and burden.

Good bearings play a big part in getting every last mile from each gallon of gasoline, and in holding down the repair expense.

In the transmission, at the pinion-shaft and the differential, bearings worn loose mean shafts out of line and gears out of mesh. These make noise and consume extra power which is extra (wasted) gasoline.

Even slight wear in wheel-bearings allows the wheels to wobble. That brings extra wear on tires—unnecessary expense.

The utmost of power from the engine and the lowest of upkeep expense can only be had when the bearings fit snug and run smooth—all the time—for the life of the car.

TIMKEN

TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

Have Greatest Resistance to Wear

The Timken Bearing is made of special, Timken-analysis steel.

The steel is carbonized and heat-treated to make its surface glass-hard but not brittle.

Underneath the surface the steel is left tough and elastic to cushion the shocks.

The Load is Distributed

Load, on the Timken Bearing, is distributed over the entire length of its rollers, not concentrated at points as is the case in a ball-bearing.

This wide distribution of load keeps pressure, and hence wear, down to the minimum.

The Timken principle of tapered rollers revolving about a tapered cone with two ribs—makes a bearing that takes end-thrust at the same time it is carrying vertical load.

And the end-thrust, too, is distributed along the length of the rollers.

So in material and its treatment—in principles of design—and in actual practice in thousands of pleasure and commercial cars—it is theory proved true, that—

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings offer the greatest possible resistance to the inevitable wear.

And when wear does come it can, in the Timken, be entirely taken up by adjustment without the least impairment of efficiency

Are Adjustable (perfectly) for Wear

In every place where they are used, the bearings should keep shafts in alignment, keep gears in correct mesh, support the loads, take the "end-thrust," and all the time, hold friction down to a negligible quantity.

They must do these things when the car is new and should do them when the wear inevitable comes.

There is no getting away from wear and there is no getting away from the necessity for adjustment to take up that wear.

The Only Perfect Adjustment

Timken Bearings, like any good bearings, will show wear in time.

But the Timken has this advantage over all other types of anti-friction bearings—

It can be adjusted to completely take up that wear without the least sacrifice of efficiency

The two ribs on the Timken Cone keep the tapered rollers always in perfect alignment—therefore the diminutive wear is uniform over the surfaces of cone, rollers, and cup

When the cone is moved just a trifle farther into the cup all parts are brought into the same identical relation as when the bearing was made.

No grooves can wear in the races. The rollers, though microscopically smaller, have still the same taper and, after adjustment, are just as snugly in perfect rolling contact with cup and cone as they were at the start.

Not a single principle of its efficiency is altered by adjustment of the Timken Roller Bearing.

Get the full story of axle and bearing efficiency, by writing to either address below for the Timken Primers B-1 "On the Care and Character of Bearings," and B-2 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles."



THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH

For more than 14 years the Timken Roller Bearing Axle (made at Canton, O.) has been giving satisfactory service in horse-drawn vehicles



Colliers

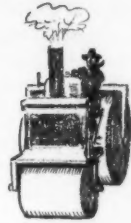
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

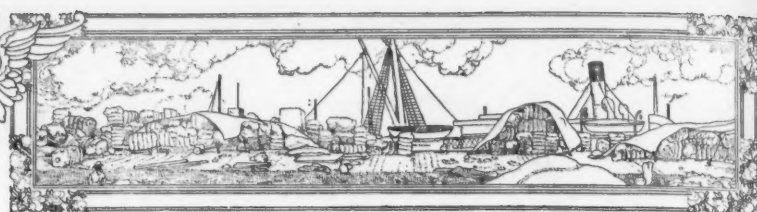


DRAWN BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

William J. Bryan

The Master of the Democratic Convention

*Fighting not for himself but for the rank and file of his party, Bryan
reached the fullness of his strength at Baltimore*



TWO MEN

PAUSE ONE MOMENT, reader. Before we enter upon a confusing campaign that may magnify the minor things and obscure the larger, take one long view. On July 4, 1912, exactly one hundred and thirty-six years after this Republic was born in doubt and timid hope, the two men who have emerged at the top of it are THEODORE ROOSEVELT and WOODROW WILSON. Ninety million people, working through those avenues for the exchange of public intelligence which a democracy has invented, have chosen these two men as at once the exponents of their ideals and the objects of their affections. If THOMAS JEFFERSON could walk the earth again he would say to those old-world philosophers who smiled at his faith in an untried democracy: "Here are our fruits; bring on your kings and feudal heroes, the best you have in history. On any ground you please—intellectual ability, courage, dignity, personality, leadership, on any of the qualities you have always called kingly, we are willing to match your best." These two men are the test of the common people's power to choose; these are the signs of the sureness of their instincts. These two simple citizens are America's answer to those who predicted the military dictator, the bribing Cæsar, anarchy, or a hundred petty kingdoms. Each is the sort of man that any good woman hopes her son may be. Each is such an embodiment of clean living and all wholesome qualities as must make every parent rejoice that one of them, by reason of the exalted conspicuousness of his position, will be for four years a model and inspiration to growing youth. Concerning neither of these two can any man whisper those tales which recount the accepted indulgences of kings; they live up to the rigid standards of a self-governing community of equals. Typical products of a democracy, they challenge comparison with the best romantic conception of a king. THEODORE ROOSEVELT and WOODROW WILSON are no chosen stock, no fruit of special selection or training; the easy naturalness of their emergence, from commonplace homes and typical ancestries through ordinary careers, justifies the faith that just below them are layers and layers of others with all their potentialities latent, our untouched stores of village Hampdens.

BRYAN

THE SERVICE done by Mr. BRYAN to his party and the country will not be forgotten. Nobody has in recent years illustrated more wonderfully the truth that the United States is a country in which men often grow surprisingly after they have reached middle life.

Mr. BRYAN at Baltimore had all the honesty, courage, and sympathy which have made him leader of the Democratic liberal masses, and he had a maturity, a strength, a distinguished economy of effort, a logic, a control, which marked him as a more formidable and a more complete figure than he has been before in any of his campaigns. We liked the "boy orator" of 1896. We admire and trust the fighting statesman of 1912.

REPUBLICANS

SO MUCH TALK is loose that men discount strong statements. When it is said that the nomination of President TAFT was stolen, many look upon that as a fierce statement, intended to mean that the proceeding was arbitrary and unrepresentative. It means, however, literally what it says. Professor HART is as high an authority on American government as we possess. The words he chooses to describe it are "a deliberate political robbery." Of Arizona, California, Texas, and Washington he states that they "were clear steals." The psychology prevailing at Chicago he analyzes as "the idea that you are morally entitled to capture a convention if you do not like a majority of the delegates." ROOSEVELT had a majority of the delegates. It is not open to doubt. Many honest Standpatters among the delegates do not deny it. They merely justify it on the ground that some of the contests, outside of these four States, were phony. To what extent are party Republicans going to feel bound by fraud, when they understand, as before November 5 they must in detail be made clearly to understand, that Mr. TAFT was in reality never nominated?

ROOSEVELT

THIS ROBBERY, which many respectable persons look upon with approval, was done to protect the American people from CÆSAR, NAPOLEON, CROMWELL, RIENZI, and DIAZ. Well, we on COLLIER'S are well acquainted with Colonel ROOSEVELT. When he was in office we were accustomed to differ with him, and doubtless shall have the privilege of differing with him again. Support which goes beyond general support into the domain of blind subservience is no part of journalism as we see it. We look at ROOSEVELT as a person in public life for thirty years, fully tested, extraordinarily able, steadily useful, and a master workman in helping along that spirit-of-the-times which makes for paying a little

more attention to the ordinary moral law, under which a man is supposed to be a man even if his bank account is low. From his almost boyish emergence in the New York Legislature to his campaign of the last few months he has done more to stir our young men to hope for plain moral progress than any other American of the day. There is no use telling us that he came back into the arena because he wished to beat DIAZ by a term or two. We were too closely concerned in his coming back to digest such bunk. We know intimately his hesitation and his distrust. He came back, as he has done other things, because the forces which his genius trusts were moving strongly in that direction. He was called back by the voice of the masses, and especially by the voice of the spokesmen of moderate insurgency. Without these behind him he could never survive one fight in a country where all men read, where voters are jealous, where the only real CÆSAR—concentrated wealth—is determinedly against him. Take your ghost stories to some other party, friends. We have other tales to hear.

THREE MORALITIES

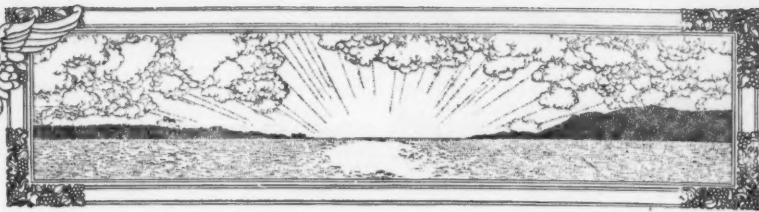
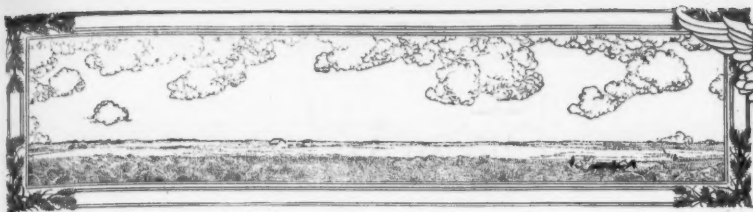
WHAT IS LOOKED UPON as moral is always determined largely by the general social system of the community. Some time ago we had a set of aristocratic virtues and faults. If a man was called a liar it was necessary for him either to stick somebody else with a sword or commit an assault upon him with his fists. He was supposed to have a flattering manner toward women, but was at perfect liberty to win their confidence and betray them. He had to be generous in giving away money, but was under no obligation to earn any and was perfectly free to grind it out of peasants. Aristocratic morals have been giving way to bourgeois morals, which are very much better, but by no means complete. Especially in public matters, but to a certain extent also in private affairs, the note of bourgeois ethics is security. They are founded much more on the fear that some harm may be done than on the determination that the fullness of life shall be increased. The great supplementary changes in morals in the future are going to come from the increased influence of the working majority. Their interests lead them to be more concerned with the effect their conduct has on the concrete welfare of the many than on any standards set up for the convenience of an aristocratic few or even for the sense of security of those in the middle way of life. Undoubtedly the ultimate outcome will be a combination, and the optimistic mind may hope that it will be a combination of everything that is valuable in the three sets of morals, and in the elimination of everything that is arbitrary and destructive of more than it conserves.

WHAT GIRLS THINK

INTERESTING HINTS at the ideas of the rising generation of women on public affairs were given by the results of a convention which was held during the past spring at a leading woman's college, Bryn Mawr. This was a convention of a party called the "Nonpartisan party," including all the actual present parties. The girls were the delegates. It was decided that the Sherman Antitrust Act should be maintained and enforced until, as a result of due investigation, it might be amended as much as necessary to preserve the advantages of large-scale industry without unfair competition. The vote on this was 156 to 33. Direct Election of Senators passed by 168 to 24. A Conservation and Development plank with a commission for scientific investigation passed, 206 to 1. The Monroe Doctrine was reaffirmed in the same plank with an arbitration declaration and carried, 156 to 30. Labor legislation, such as recommendation of hours in dangerous trades and protection of women and children, Safety Appliance Act, Employers' Liability Act, and Workmen's Compensation Act, passed by heavy majorities. The Income Tax amendment was carried by 140 to 29. Closer votes were on Immigration, where it was voted that the problem should be investigated scientifically, and in the same plank a Minimum Wage was provided for, 77 to 66. Woman Suffrage carried by 104 to 69. For the Presidency, after the first ballot showed that neither TAFT nor ROOSEVELT could be elected, Roosevelt advocates threw their strength to WILSON, but were beaten by the fact that delegates who favored TAFT and other candidates threw their strength to HUGHES, who was the nominee. An important part of the decisive thinking on public affairs a few years hence will be done by women who are in school and college now.

COMPETITION

NEITHER the absence of competition nor its entire license is now looked upon by the general body of reasonable thinkers as a gospel. The arguments now being waged upon the subject, whether in connection with the Sherman Act or with other proposed measures, such as change in patent laws, reflect one of the most difficult of our intellectual problems.



In an interesting examination before the Oldfield Committee, Mr. WILLIAM L. INGERSOLL highly praised the "insight and broad understanding of the needs of society, of business, of the producer and consumer," shown by Mr. Justice HOLMES in the Miles medicine case when he said:

I cannot believe that in the long run society will profit by this course, permitting knaves to cut reasonable prices for mere ulterior purposes of their own, and thus to impair, if not destroy, the production and the sale of articles which it is assumed to be desirable the people should be able to get.

Mr. INGERSOLL, like many other business men to-day, although not accepting the Socialist doctrine entire, gives the Socialists credit for helping to educate the public about some wasteful aspects of competition. It is extremely important that we should have competition that stimulates variety and invention, checks monopoly, and increases ambition and efficiency, but equally important that we should not have competition which needlessly wastes and slays.

A FLEET-FOOTED WORD

A CERTAIN short and ugly word has been considered the fleetest of a foot of any in the language. The old adage has it that "A lie can travel a league while truth is getting his boots on." The nimbleness of a lie, even when it is small and white, can be attested by anyone who has ever engaged in the exciting effort of trying to run it down. In certain communities this game of "running down a lie" is a popular pastime. Mrs. GRUNDY or Windy JIM or Babbling BOBBIE remarks that MANDY WATTLES has not cleaned her back room for six years, or that MANDY has been seen talking with the iceman for an hour, or had called Mrs. JONES an old frump. The story starts and away it goes. After it has made three rounds twice and lapped across the circle several times, Mrs. WIGGS hears and carries the word to MANDY's sister-in-law; then MANDY gets it and she starts to run it down. And then MANDY discovers that the harder you chase a lie the faster it runs. One reason that a lie travels so fast is because it meets so many friends who are willing to give it a ride. Truth has to get up in the cold, gray dawn of the early morning and make a hard day's journey, and knock a dozen times before he can even get a door open. But a lie is taken in at once, petted and fed and laughed at, and then sent hurrying on its way on the swiftest horse or newest automobile on the place. Truth has just one advantage in the long run; it can stand being let alone. You can plant a truth and not come in sight of it for five years, and then when you come back it will still be in a good state of preservation. But a lie cannot bear being lone-some. The minute it is let alone it begins to shrivel, and if it has to stand still twenty-four hours it is pretty sure to contract a fatal cold. There are just two safe ways to deal with a lie: keep it shut up if you can; and, if you can't, let it run itself to death. There is no need to chase it or kick it, for that often doubles the speed.

ONE PROMOTER'S BILL

COLONEL CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS WILSON, former head of the United Wireless Company, was brought from a Federal prison recently to testify as to what had become of a large sum of money taken in from the sale of the company's stock to the public at inflated prices. A schedule of his spendings from 1907 to 1912 was part of his testimony—an eloquent witness to the prodigal ways of the promoter with other people's money. The Colonel is an eye-filling figure—a composite FALSTAFF, Colonel SELLERS, and Bret Harte gambler—not as great a figure in the history of promotion as HOOLEY of London, but with a more breezy personality. No one familiar with the United Wireless manipulation believes that WILSON was responsible for more than a small share of its success, but he was always pushed to the front. His great body, his thick mane falling from a magnificent head, and his confidence-breeding manner were valuable assets to the shrewder, less spectacular agents who actually sold the stock. And to encourage him in the part he was to play, the wireless company cheerfully met the cost of his services. In the four years covered by the schedule he filed, Colonel CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS WILSON spent \$1,085,200. Here is one item:

Living expenses from January 1, 1907, to May 29, 1911, including yacht, automobiles, hotels, and trips to England and the Pacific Coast with family, about \$200,000. Out in Colorado was a certain "rat-hole" mine into which another great sum was dumped. This is the item:

Wilson Mining Company and building about one mile of railroad track, about \$350,000.

Two other mining enterprises took \$116,000; in an attempt to secure a license or franchise in Canada for the United Wireless, the Colonel spent \$75,000; another \$75,000 went in the last year for expenses in fighting the men who tried to get the company away from his control; on a paper

box enterprise \$36,000 was spent; and the total was completed with a half dozen other items connected with the wireless promotion. So, we get the cost to thrifty and credulous America of one promoter's entertainment—\$271,000 a year. We should get our financial clowning done cheaper.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

FEWER NEWSPAPERS are accepting the advertising of promoters of wildcat mines and gold-brick industrial companies, although too many still cling to the idea that their advertising columns are merely bulletin boards on which any man may spread his offer when he has paid the price. There has come to us a letter from a victim of this theory: "I attribute my misfortune to the confidence I placed in this newspaper. I had been a reader of it for twenty-five years; why shouldn't I confide in it? I did not believe it would advertise swindlers while, on the editorial page, it was condemning crookedness and swindling of every kind." Several years ago this man bought stock in the traction company which served his city, paying \$82 a share for it. The company got into financial trouble, and the newspaper led a persistent, bitter attack on its management. One day it had an editorial saying that the street railway company's shares were not worth the paper they were printed on. Trusting the paper's judgment, the man sold his stock at a big loss, and, trusting the same paper's advertising pages, put his money into the stock of United Wireless. Now the promoters of the wireless company are in jail, the property of the traction company is in good shape, and its stock, which is paying dividends, is selling for \$88 a share. The victim has changed newspapers.

THE BEST FOOT

"HE ALWAYS puts the best foot forward" may be a compliment or it may not. It depends on the motive that propels the foot. If one habitually makes a fine appearance, for the purpose of securing unmerited favors, he is a fit object for a MOLIÈRE, but if he endeavors to appear at his best to make it pleasant for others and himself, he is to be commended for keeping the garbage can in the alley instead of on the front porch. If there is an imbecile in the family, candor does not compel the hostess to drag him out before the company and say: "This is our idiot." It is better, if he must be revealed at all, to refer to him more vaguely as: "Our poor son who was kicked by a calf."

PRIMITIVE MAN

A NOVELIST sometimes likes to cut the knot he has tied in his own plot by having the primitive man suddenly rise up in the hero and make him snatch the resisting maid into a state of blissful, although groveling, servitude. It seems to us unfair—and dangerous for him—to "sick" a primitive man on a modern woman. It is also out of character to attach a chapter of modern literary bliss to a primitive conquest. There is evidence that the primitive man did snatch and club his woman to his heart's content, but it is not written by any woman novelist of that day that she lived happy ever afterward. No doubt she took it with docility, for big muscle was then boss, but there is nothing in human nature to warrant the assumption that woman ever enjoyed being bulldozed—at least for any length of time. Just as the doctrine that the weaker races were made for slavery and are happier in it has been exploded, so the notion that woman, because weaker physically than man, enjoyed her abject servitude, is vanishing before enlightened facing of human nature. If there is anything in woman's nature that makes her blissful at being consistently clubbed into submission, it is not apparent to the observation of most married men.

HABITS

IT IS A GOOD PLAN to break one's habits occasionally, to see that it can still be done. To follow even the best of habits too closely tends to ossify existence. It makes one stiff. It narrows his tastes. The retired farmer who still gets up before daylight every morning, so as to get an early start waiting for bedtime, would be much better off if during the stress of life he had broken his habit occasionally and slept until nine o'clock. The city man who lets the street, the flat, the office grind become an unbearable habit loses all his elasticity. Recently a brother and sister were found in an Eastern State who had lived on the same farm for sixty years, and during that time had not been ten miles from home. For thirty years the woman had not been to town, five miles away, and for fifteen years, although well and strong, she had not been so far from the house as the branch in their bottom field. Habits of life like this become prison chains. One must do some things the same way or nearly the same to learn to do them well, but once having acquired the skill of repetition, it is well to break away and do it some other way. It is better to make some blunders and get some knocks experimenting than to oscillate in a groove until freedom ends.



Bryan Says "Boo"!

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY



WILSON!

After all, public opinion is something of a steam roller itself.

Day after day, sitting in the press stands at the Republican Convention in Chicago, Mr. Bryan turned this idea over in his mind; day by day his smile grew a little less doubtful, a little more the smile of a sphinx.

Mr. Bryan was not in power: he was a private citizen. He smiled and packed his bag and went down to Baltimore. He knew that the rank and file of his party had announced themselves progressives just as the rank and file of Republicans had announced themselves progressives.

In Chicago Mr. Bryan planned the simplest 1912 Rank and File Model of steam rollers. There was nothing very elaborate about his idea.

Its simplicity showed that Mr. Bryan was a great man.

Its sincerity showed that Mr. Bryan was a good man. Some one has pointed out that the moment to be great is when other men are small.

Wilson without a promise won a Democratic nomination.

Bryan without a trade was Master of a Party.

The fight was tedious to all of us there in Baltimore.

The full round moon had paled as dawn stripped the black velvet from the sky; but the moon still seemed to wear a cynical smile upon its broad, flat countenance.

From the crouching, sullen granite Armory in Baltimore came the roar of a Democratic Convention finishing, after a week of tortured striving, another solemn and fruitless ballot to nominate a President. The wind blew with a flourish of its trumpets, a warm blast to welcome another noise-mad, wilting day. Out of the great hall, like stokers from the hold of a ship, staggered the first few groups of delegates, whose voices had been used in "demonstrations" until they sounded like putting in coal, and red-eyed spectators from the galleries trying to remember after this second all-night session whether the gray of the sky was that of dusk or dawn, whether the next meal was breakfast or dinner. Cabmen and chauffeurs stirred from their cramps of sleep, doormen aching with the toxins of fatigue, washed their stubbled, unshaven faces with imaginary water held in the palms of hands, policemen leaned against the walls and slept, posed like figures in the catacombs. The moon still smiled.

Some time there had been—when was it, a year or an hour ago?—the evening rabble of the Baltimore streets, swaying with the black and white of male and female in the nimbus of their own steam. The mind pictures of badges, flags, banners, display boards of souvenirs, women's bare shoulders in one of the hotel dining rooms, the purple of an enthusiast's face as he frothed the name of his candidate between his teeth, the crowded hotel lobbies, all haunted the memory of satiated sensations. The ears still heard the bark of an orator, the shrieks of mechanical noise makers—"We want Wilson!"—a band passing below the window, the murmur of thick voices from barrooms, the name of Clark, and the Houn' Dawg Song propelled through the muddy basso of megaphones, the clinking of dishes somewhere, and the little gasp of a girl in the crowd who had read love in the eyes of a young man and forgot for the moment all about Democracy. And now there was to be another ballot. Day had broken. Men in the dirty, white apparel of street-cleaning departments, and with a boa constrictor of a hose, played water on the pavements. Clark 540! Wilson 354! Harmon 39! Marshall 30! Underwood 123!

"You don't say! Mean there is a deadlock?" asks a man with a dinner pail on his way to work.

You have shut your teeth in a determination to go back again into the hot pale-blue fog of the Armory. Your voice is unfamiliar, even to yourself; you are certain some one else speaks. Why, it was some one else!

—a delegate rolling a cold bottle of ginger ale around his forehead and still chewing a cigar. They would not let him smoke it inside. He is no longer a dignitary. Sweat has humanized him.

"Yep!" he said, "and my money is about run out. If they don't nominate to-morrow—I mean to-day, confound it!—I'll beat it back home where I can sit on the porch and listen to the mosquitoes. Belmont and Ryan and Hearst and Charlie Murphy can take the party and go hang! Look at them rings under my eyes!"

Within the hall the last ballot in a course of ballots had meant nothing, and this course of ballots, in grim, dull procession, was destined to be interrupted by the Sabbath after twenty-six of them had been taken. This one was followed by a sincere, composite, and mighty sigh. So many persons so long together develop a oneness: the Armory still held its sea of individuals, but it held something else—the Convention Creature.

Under a roof of cheesecloth, yellow and white, and stretched over an arched frame for reasons acoustic, this exhausted Convention sprawled across a field of varnished chairs.

'Way back, on Tuesday, Bryan—the sar-



Arthur Brisbane, bursting with a strong Hearst-Murphy sentiment, engaged in a broil with a Wilson enthusiast

donic Jove of the Convention, with a concealed fistful of thunderbolts—had leaped up at the first rap of the gavel and roared the obvious truth that Judge Alton Parker, as temporary chairman, would stamp the Convention as reactionary; the delegates were then a carefully brushed, becoated, stiff-backed, and for the moment dignified lot, as they had stood to listen to the prayer of Cardinal Gibbons. Their faces, like sprouts from bulbs planted in the ground of their dark clothes, were fresh and pink as if they reflected the dominating center of color—the robes of a Cardinal. But the prayer finished suddenly as by magic—or the trapdoor of the stage—the great Com-

moner stood before them! He had waved his hand, summoned the storm, and, satisfied with his work, watched the lightning play about, while the Prince of the Church, like one in an unholy place, gathered his red robes about him, and, with the spirit of Harmony at his heels, was gone.

And now, after four days, that body of sitting delegates through which he had passed had become a confused, exhausted mass of coatless, collarless, wet, sleep-short, gray-faced, sullen men. Each one having come with singleness of purpose not to change his vote, and with confident trust that every other man would, now knew that determination was a far more dependable sentiment than hope. A half dozen, awakened from nomination nightmares, or in neurotic frenzy, had jumped a mental fence; firm rocks flew not. It was the moment of another roll call; the deadlock stood!

The eye traveling over this disordered scene saw the hands of sergeants-at-arms still playing on imaginary pianos, or making the motions of those who, treating Noise as a drunken disturber, would lay their hands upon his shoulders, trying in vain to keep him down. It saw also that the faces on the scene-painters' portraits of Wilson and Champ Clark, smiling at each other cynically through their muddy daubs, seemed possessed of intelligence. They expressed weariness of demonstrations, and boredom of the fruitless frenzies, and impatience of the men of flesh and blood who pranced along the narrow aisles with open umbrellas, megaphones, hats on sticks, portraits on fish poles, and gilded banners, their features, strained to the absurd, hydrophobic, apoplectic ecstasy of whirling dervishes, voodoos, and the zealots of Mumbo Jumbo and the Bomba-Bomba.

From the excited mass of struggling delegates the eye also saw rise one old and knotted hand. It was brown with the sun, hardened with toil, but not made inexpressive by uninspired labor. Something in the fleeting glance one had of it left the suggestion that it symbolized America. For the moment the eye had picked out this insignificant trifle as the center of attention, and it seemed much more important than a Nominee, or a Platform; for a moment it spoke of character, of home life, of the National spirit; for a moment before it was drawn down into the seethe it held aloft an assurance!

THE eye saw, too, the same array of heads upon which it had rested for a week, the same field of personalities—bald heads, glass and dull finish, the statesman's shag, the Oklahoma rumple, the north-wind pompadour, the merino fuzz, the angora swirl, the thistle-down sprinkle, the oiled part, the Cochise-China toupee, and the Tammany bristle. It saw emissaries of the opposing factions moving like whispering Ciceros among the various delegations, still trying to gain promises of votes, and showing by every ingratiating smile, by hands upon shoulders, and by moving lips breathing "patriotisms" into unreceptive, partisan ears that love, tenderness, and regard (with a condition precedent) have their place in politics. Wistful expressions, however, had begun to bloom here and there in the bed of faces as some very human, very tired delegate looked up through the carbon-dioxide haze at the wicked, unblinking glare of arc lights and meditated upon ice water, upon Sunday at home, upon some old familiar bed with its cool, clean sheets, upon the feel of the early morning wind from "the meadow," or the touch of "ma's" hand. Men started from dozing to the unwelcome recollection that they had come to nominate a Democrat, that they were "making history" or "saving the Democracy." And yet the bucket of Inquiry always came up out of the well of Result as dry as the announcer's husky throat.

The band played in the balcony again; once more the



Bald heads, glass and dull finish, the statesman's shag, the Oklahoma rumple, the north-wind pompadour, the merino



PRINCETON

eternal hisses and cheers, meaning nothing and accomplishing less. Once more the roar of Ollie James, the Colossus among chairmen, who had taken Parker's place; once more a flutter of excitement, because it was none less than Arthur

Brisbane, writer of engaging editorials on children's nightshirts and other matters, who, bursting with a strong Hearst-Murphy sentiment, had engaged in a brawl with a Wilson enthusiast in the press stand, and had been made to "shake hands" by a woman who no doubt was Nellie Bly, because a reporter with a pink striped shirt said to a telegraph boy, who walked over the bench in front of him: "Just step on my hand instead of my watch—it's softer." Once more the composite Convention Creature gives forth the whiffle, the sough, and the click of its prodigious yawn; once more in a momentary hush the worrying noise of gum chewing rises like the sound of a school of mackerel at play, and peppermint flavor comes up from a sea of Democracy.

Again an orator under cover of a "point of order" opens his mouth, ejects words and beats them with his fists. Cries of "Cut it out!" and "Take another vote!" drown his voice. A man on a moving-picture film is heard much more than he.

He is only a signal to an impatient, baffled, tired mob to produce all its "parlor tricks"—the whistles, hoots, catcalls, Wyoming yowls, and Yukon whoops, imitations of the eagle in song and the crow uttering its melody.

ADJOURNMENT had come! One of the ten-hour, all-night sessions was at an end. The sun peeped in, the crowd swayed out. Behind them they left a chaos of chairs, tin pails, and pans; behind them they left dailies, sandwich wrappers, torn telegrams—a wilderness of paper, stirred now and then by a breath of fresh morning wind. And a white pigeon—a burlesque symbol of peace—flew long flights from one end to the other of the vast interior.

Such was the external picture of the deadlocked Democracy.

What was behind it? A man whose name will not appear in history had predicted that the party within reach of victory would make blunders. It did! Its leaders did not, as those in Chicago, with light-fingered arrogance, invite the rank and file to pick up their direct primaries and their candidate and their principles and go to grass! But they allowed Mr. Bryan to throw bomb after bomb; they set the scenery for Mr. Bryan to drag out the skeletons in the family closet—Murphy, Hearst, Ryan, Belmont, and the rest—and dance them on the stage of publicity. When they allowed a group of these men to gather in the manner of mighty intriguers at a club in Baltimore they assisted Mr. Bryan's vividly painted genre picture of Tammany Hall and Wall Street reaching for the Democratic party with fingers not only unclean but also awkward.

In Chicago the "gang" needed a majority and they took it; in Baltimore the "gang" needed control of a third of the Convention, and they supposed that they had it. In Chicago the "gang" could say who could be nominated; in Baltimore they were prepared to say who should not be nominated. In Chicago Mr. Roosevelt showed the game to the country and invited the players to put it through: they did, with almost admirable nerve. In Baltimore Mr. Bryan, who, whether sitting like a sphinx in his delegate's seat or hurling an explosive at an unexpected moment on to the Convention floor, was the dominant figure of the lot, also wished the players to put their game through; they hesitated, they squirmed, they cursed him as a wrecker of Democracy.

The difference may be explained persuasively. In

Republican Chicago a third party seemed visionary; in Democratic Baltimore it had become something more tangible than a fear. The imagination of the "interests" had been stimulated. They had begun to see things at night.

Mr. Bryan said "Boo!"

Mr. Bryan said "Boo!" when he attacked the choice of Parker as temporary chairman. The Convention elected Parker, and Parker, much to the delight of the Commoner, made his inaugural address, supposed to be the keynote of a convention, a lurid attack on Mr. Roosevelt. Had Mr. Roosevelt been the one thing in the world dangerous to a democracy, Mr. Parker could not have advertised it better. Childlike innocence was never like this! Ollie James attacked somebody. Who? Mr. Roosevelt. Orators rose and fell in philippic frenzy. Directed against the menace of Mr. Taft? No, Mr. Taft's name was mentioned so seldom, and then with so kindly an indulgence, that it might well have embarrassed Mrs. Taft, who came over from Washington one day to sit in the gallery; the man attacked was Roosevelt!

Mr. Bryan said "Boo!" when he refused the chairman-

light which must have traveled up and down Mr. Bryan's spinal column must have made life seem worth all the abuse men have given him. There they were—Ryan and Murphy and Belmont and the "gang." It must be said—no other words will fit—it cannot be held in—Mr. Bryan had their goat!

Mr. Bryan said "Boo!" when, after Mr. Murphy had risen from the New York delegation on the tenth ballot and announced a change of eighty-one votes from Harmon to Clark, he changed his own vote from Clark to Wilson, and took the occasion to explain, in a way that the delegates and the country would understand, that no man should be nominated by accepting the support of the "gang." It is supposed commonly that Tammany goes to conventions to get promises from candidates—written if possible.

Mr. Clark felt hurt. He came over from Washington in the evening. His managers were rushing up and down the corridors of one of the hotels with their wives. The wives cautioned each other in loud whispers not to tell anybody. The Speaker of the House rehearsed a dramatic speech in a room which had a transom spilling every word into the hall. The scenery had been set to have him appear on the floor of the Convention, walk up one of the aisles, and crush the foe. His manager, former Senator Du Bois, evidently believed that this would cause a stampede—but the Convention adjourned before the plan could be put into execution. Clark had come to town; he had prepared a coup; he had a drama up his sleeve. It ended in a few sticks of newspaper interview!

ALL night long the Clark delegates were "whipped in" and stiffened; they were taught to hate Mr. Bryan. Next day, after their "secret" conference held on the roof garden, they walked about the hotel corridors with hollow eyes, and quoted what Mr. Bryan had said about Mr. Clark long ago, or told with trembling lips of how Murphy had once given Bryan all the warmth of his soul, and cried out in agony over the scandal of Mr. Bryan taking money from a newspaper syndicate. They knew him at last—Wrecker of Democracy! He had been stripped of his sheep's

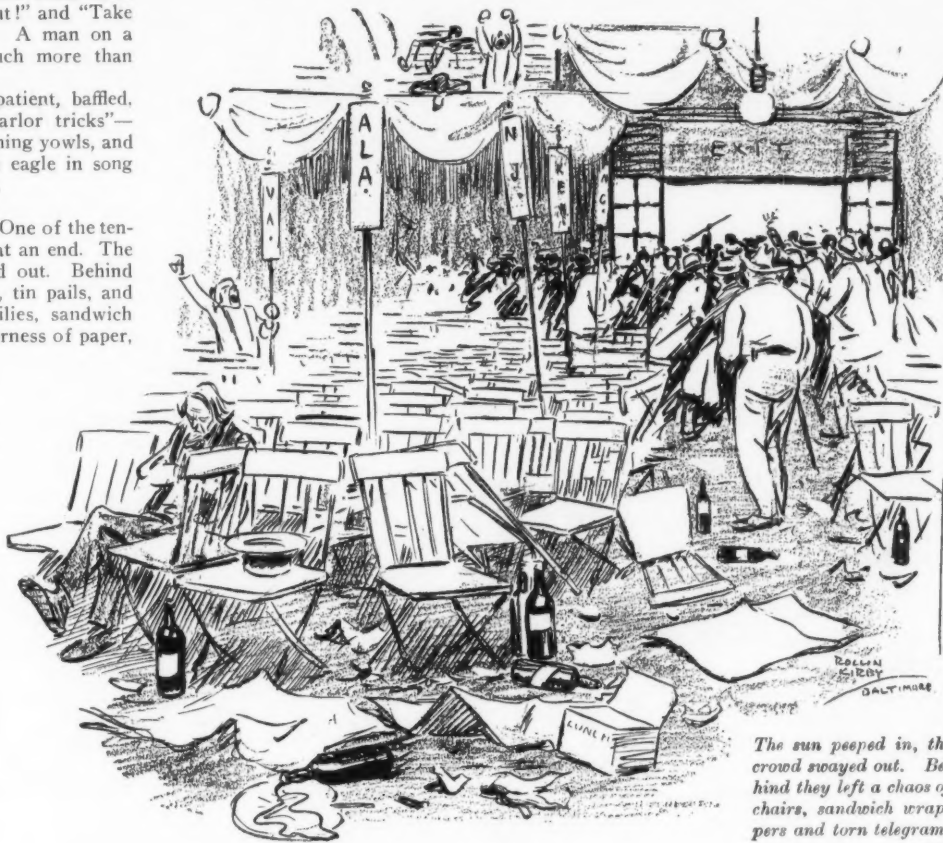
clothing—Traitor to his Party! Some of them, late Monday afternoon, in the second week of the deadlock, paraded an insulting banner before him and laid violent hands upon the Commoner, from which the police had to rescue him. But Bryan was happy!

Friendships broke when Mr. Bryan said "Boo!" The Maryland delegation, with a defection from Clark, sat with red-tense or white-taut faces, daring not to look at each other lest Democratic blood be shed. Kansas delegates jumped in their chairs as one man, and as one man demanded to explain a defection to Wilson, and then demanded the right not to explain it, and asked for a roll call, and then did not want one, and talked back to the Chairman, and were told by the Sergeant-at-Arms that they would be put out of the Armory, and there were shrieks of glee from the galleries, who hoped it would happen, but knew that it would not. John B. Stanchfield of New York, defending some part, or all, of the New York delegation, added to the brilliance by another fling at Mr. Roosevelt, the defeated candidate for the nomination of the Chicago Coliseum, with whom he accused Bryan of being in league, a phrase which is conventionally used in connection with a person older, if not so distinguished in evil doing as Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Bryan had said "Boo!" And they sent for extra detachments of police!

Mr. Bryan's "Boo!" made delegates leap out of their sleep—when they found time for any—with a shriek.

Mr. Bryan was bound the country should know what went on in the Democratic Convention; in the process of accomplishing this he made a monkey of it. The "Boo!" made the Convention do every last thing which a Democratic Convention should not do. The Convention attacked Roosevelt instead of Taft. That let the cat out. At the name of a Third Party (capital T, capital P) it almost leaped from its shoes. It was so disturbed by the "Boo!" that it allowed Charlie Murphy to slip into the family group, just as the bulb was pressed, and then to appear in the center of the picture of the Harmonious Family Democracy beside such men as Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Grover Cleveland, and August Belmont. The effect of the "Boo!"



The sun peeped in, the crowd swayed out. Behind they left a chaos of chairs, sandwich wrappers and torn telegrams

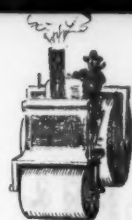
ship of the Committee on Resolutions—a sop thrown to him—and told the committee that he could, if not pleased with the progressiveness of the platform, take his objections to the floor of the Convention and therefore to the voters of the country.

Mr. Bryan said "Boo!" when he suggested to the Resolutions Committee that candidates should be chosen before a platform was adopted.

MR. BRYAN said "Boo!" in large, black-faced type when he offered to the delegates a resolution which made the Convention declare itself opposed to the nomination of anyone under obligation to Morgan, Ryan, and Belmont. This time the "gang" was so demoralized that it began to vote furiously, hectically, and with almost feminine hysteria against the resolution. Before they knew it many went on record as being in favor of nominating a man under obligation to Morgan, Ryan, and Belmont. They voted in anger and begged to change their vote when they saw the trap. They had rushed forward to a challenge like wolves; they tumbled back like sheep covered with gooseflesh. The creep of de-



fuzz, the angora swirl, the thistle-down sprinkle, the oiled part, the Cochin-China toupees, and the Tammany bristle



Comment on Baltimore

By MARK SULLIVAN

MANY progressive Democrats who detest Tammany and deplore its power in the party are at the same time peevish at Mr. Bryan. They call him selfish and overambitious, and use such words as "marplot" and "hoodoo." These Democrats, if they will search their hearts, will find that it is a passionate wish for party success which is temporarily confusing their standards. In the excitement of the game they are allowing strategy and points to outweigh things which in calmer moods they know to be more fundamental. For the moment they are willing to purchase harmony at too great a cost. These Democrats are most unjust when they charge that Mr. Bryan would drive from the Democratic party all men of wealth, however derived or however used. Neither is it true that Mr. Bryan's policy would deprive all men with money of the privilege of participation in politics. Mr. Bryan's charges carry weight only in so far as they are recognized to be true and appeal to common reason. The progressive movement, whether in the Democratic party or in the Republican, is in no sense directed against wealth as such, nor against corporations as such. And Mr. Bryan has power only in so far as he expresses the progressive spirit.

FOR EXAMPLE

AT THE moment when Mr. Bryan spoke there was sitting in the Convention as a delegate, within a dozen feet of the men whom he denounced, the president of a \$150,000,000 public-service corporation. William G. McAdoo, president of the Hudson and Manhattan Company, was one of the most influential men in the Convention, and his activities in it, as well as in other party affairs, have generally been along lines counter to Mr. Bryan's interests. And yet if Mr. Bryan had made charges hostile to Mr. McAdoo they would have carried no weight, and Mr. Bryan's power in the Convention and in his party would have lasted only so long as it would take for the public to recall that Mr. McAdoo's corporation has never practiced corruption, nor any other policy than frankness in its relations with legislatures, courts, and the public. Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's case is very different. He was high in power in a corporation, the Metropolitan Street Railway, which for years practiced corruption in the courts of New York; he was one of the dominating spirits of another corporation, the American Tobacco Company, which, until it was exposed, systematically bought legislatures and maintained a department for the conduct of bribery; Mr. Ryan, through an agent, invented and practiced successfully that corruption of the avenues of public expression which has been crystallized in contemporary speech as "accelerating public opinion." It would take an extraordinary optimist to associate a patriotic purpose with Mr. Ryan's appearance in a convention. There are men of wealth and men of wealth, and Mr. Bryan was safely discriminating.

AMBIDEXTROUS

AT CHICAGO the permanent chairman was Elihu Root, long the counsel for Thomas F. Ryan and his interests. At Baltimore the temporary chairman was Alton B. Parker, attorney in important capacities for many of that congeries of corporations of which Mr. Ryan is the center. One of Mr. Bryan's phrases was:

I am not willing that Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont shall come here with their paid attorneys and seek secret counsel with the managers of this party.

There were many Wall Street lawyers at Baltimore; some were for show and for official functions, others were for the "secret purposes" of Mr. Bryan's phrase.

WHAT PRECEDED IT?

MR. THOMAS F. RYAN'S appearance at Baltimore as a delegate from one of the rural counties of Virginia astonished the Convention. Even the other Virginia delegates did not know of it, and the newspapers were taken by surprise. It would be interesting to know just how Mr. Ryan's incumbency came about, exactly what messages must have passed between him on the one hand, and on the other hand the Hon. Thomas S. Martin, United States Senator and head of the Virginia Democratic machine, as well as the Hon. Henry D. Flood, local Democratic boss in the county which is Mr. Ryan's occasional Virginia domicile. Virginia, in spite of its splendid traditions, is to-day, in its subserviency to a machine, one of the most servile States of the Union.

THE BEST IN A CENTURY

INTELLECTUALLY, Woodrow Wilson is the best-equipped candidate the Democrats have put forward since Thomas Jefferson. Colonel Watterson and a few friends who knew Samuel J. Tilden in the flesh might put in a claim counter to this, but the claim wouldn't last long in an exhaustive argument.

ONE YOUNG MAN

IN THE felicitations let us not forget McCombs. His youth and fineness are the measure of how far we have traveled since the sordid fat fryers who were the President-makers of a generation ago. He was not a boss nor in any sense a politician, just a young Princeton man who had sat under Wilson's teaching and gauged the quality of his mind and character. Without funds or influential associations, he began the Wilson movement by having his stenographer utilize her spare time in sending copies of the Governor's speeches to the newspapers; and until it gathered headway from its own momentum, that's all the Wilson boom there was. McCombs is a son of Arkansas, another example of the growing influence of Southern young men in politics. He has performed an important service, and his reward in public appreciation will be large. He was no less an amateur, and had no more facilities than hundreds of other young men who should be stimulated to imitate him; about three hundred such ought to displace the old-timers in Congress this fall. This is a year for amateurs in politics.

ONE ELEMENT IN IT

THE historian, in giving due credit to Bryan, will not fail to point out the share of another man, one of the thousand indirect influences that his robust vitality radiates. If Roosevelt had not run, if he had not bolted at Chicago, if he had done the traditional thing—made the nomination unanimous and promised to support the ticket—then the only choice offered the country to-day would have been Taft and the houn' dawg.

RECKLESSNESS

THE "Big Money" leaders overplayed their hand in Baltimore. After their success at Chicago they came to Baltimore in a spirit of confidence which approached exaltation and dismissed their customary caution. They came in person, officially and unofficially; they set up headquarters and brought their attorneys, both the pretentious ones who make speeches and the safe ones who carry messages. In their retinues there was noticeable a more modern form of agent. The New York "Times," though it had only abhorrence for Mr. Bryan's point of view, observed that:

This so-called "big business" or "Wall Street" element is being embarrassed here at present by a crowd of young men whose business it is under ordinary circumstances to act as press agents for corporations. They are crowding the hotel lobbies, well dressed, plausible, and with plenty of money to spend, talking loudly against the progressive idea. To the New York newspaper men they are a joke, for their alliances are an open book; but they are making quite an impression upon delegates and newspaper representatives to whom they are not known.

The New York "Evening Post's" observer wrote that:

The discovery that Thomas F. Ryan is here caused a buzz of adverse comment. There had already been among the delegates no little restlessness and criticism because of the number of Wall Street press agents and hangers-on they had encountered in the hotel lobbies.

The Chicago victory made "Big Money" reckless.

AS DETECTIVE BURNS WOULD EXPRESS IT

AT CHICAGO they made a clean getaway; at Baltimore Bryan saw them entering, called the police and turned in a fire alarm.

THE LAST

THOSE who attended the Baltimore Convention probably saw the last of a picturesque feature of American politics. Under the fast-spreading primary system, conventions in the future, if they exist at all, will have merely the perfunctory function of registering an O. K. on what the people have done, much the character of the present electoral college. The elimination of the convention may come about through a Federal law regulating Presidential primaries in every State, or through the adoption of the system in one State after another. The demonstration of their usefulness has been so complete that few communities will be content to be without them.



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Woodrow Wilson

Nominee of the Democratic Party for President of the United States



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Mrs. William H. Taft witnessed a session of the Democratic Convention as the guest of Mrs. Norman Mack and Mrs. D. R. Francis

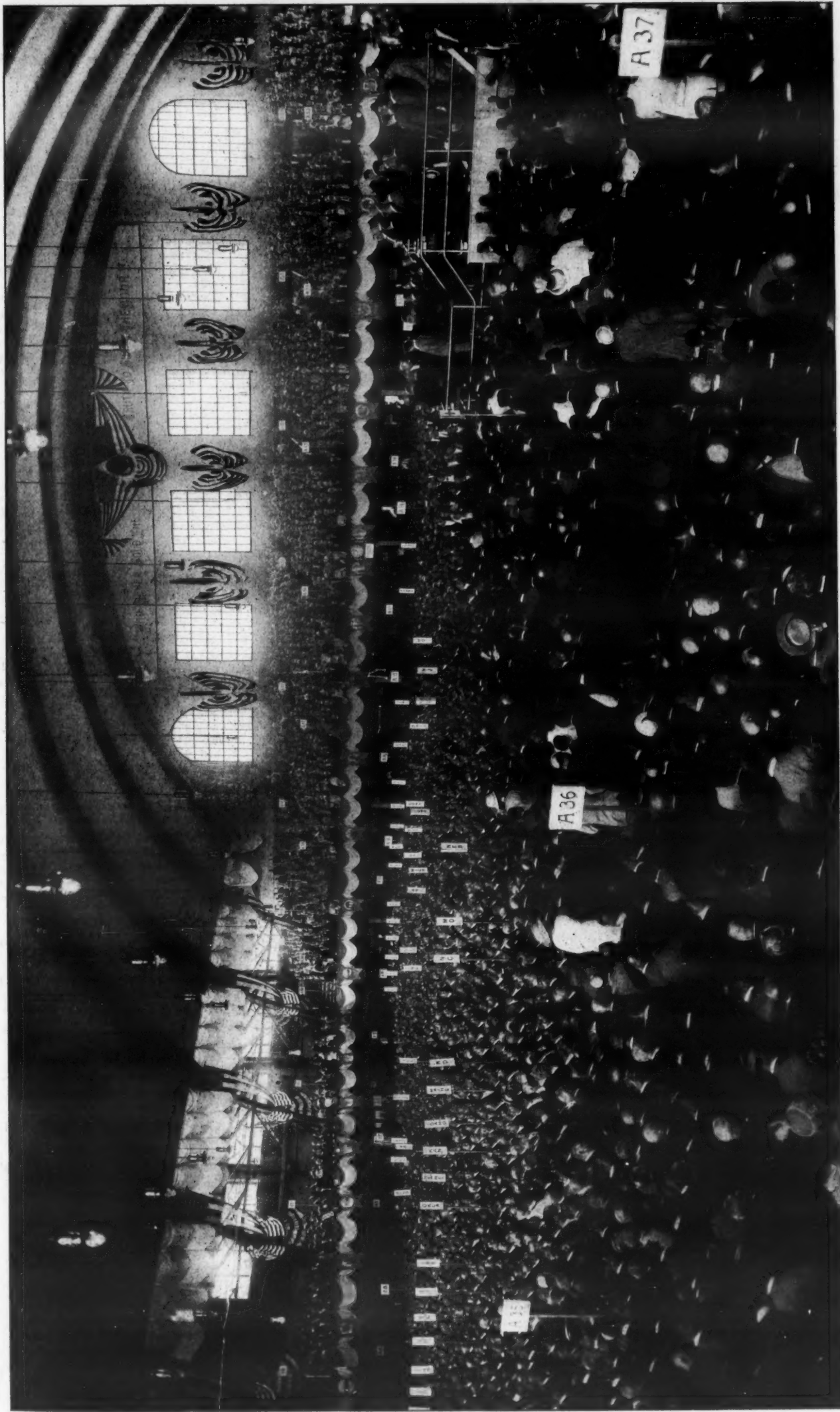


Champ Clark's "Houn' Dawgs" were an exhibit in Baltimore when the Convention was young, but they later were lost to public view



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The Committee on Resolutions of the Democratic National Committee met in the Convention Hall in a locked private room on the ground floor to frame the party platform. Photographers were barred, but a camera man obtained a ladder, pushed his camera through the transom, and snapped the committeemen. The picture shows C. P. J. Mooney of Memphis, Tenn., addressing the chair



REUTERS 1912 BY JAMES A. BROWN

The Democratic National Convention in Session

The interior of the Convention hall in Baltimore presented a very different aspect during the opening hours from that of the later stormy days, when heat and the weariness of all-night sessions had done their part in disheveling the delegates. This picture was taken during the opening prayer, which was delivered by Cardinal Gibbons. The standards of the various delegations were printed vertically instead of horizontally, as in the Republican Convention, and were nailed prudently to the floor. This precaution was unavailing, however, as the delegates tore them up in their excitement



Foreword

LIFTED at random from the record of many busy years, this story of a few months in the life of a newspaper woman must perforce be left unfinished. For every passing day is a new chapter in its stirring portrayal of everyday events; each bit of the diary has its own relation to the growth of her ideas, the widening of her views of the city, and each entry is another piece of life as recorded in the columns of the news, upon the police blotters and the records of the great hospitals.

It is only unconsciously a story. It has no plot, no literary merit, and is, truth to tell, merely the revelation of how one woman found romance, excitement, and tragedy in the local room of a great daily.

Probably you have read her "copy"; perhaps the very history of this bit of her own story will reveal her personality to you; but at any rate it must bring to girls with a dream of literary fame a vision of the rocks that lie ahead on the path of "good copy."

The Diary

OCTOBER 2—It has come at last: the first step up on to the ladder that I hope will lead to fame—or, at least, to success from a material standpoint, for Mr. H— told me to-day that I might choose a nom de plume and write signed "feature stuff" hereafter.

It came after he had pasted one of my stories up on the bulletin board, saying how good it was, and for a little while I was puffed up with pride.

Two years ago the thought of this would have seemed too good to be true. It would indeed have been like an aureole of glory, but perspective changes with work. The little things become big, the big ones little, until at last the final bubble dream bursts and you know yourself for a cog—a unit of the great whole that turns out "copy" for others to read at the breakfast table. And each step forward—I realize now—is merely changing to another part of the machinery, not getting away from the steady turning of the wheels.

Two years of it—and this is my first taste of triumph. Is it worth it? If anyone outside asked me that, I would answer with a lot of platitudes about my "career" and "finger exercises" being needed to learn the great literary symphonies, but deep in my heart I know it is worth it only—because of the working to get it.

I wish now I'd kept a diary of those two years—but I'm afraid after all it would have been full of tears and railings against fate in general and managing editors in particular, with special invectives for that awful phrase, "Get pictures."

Looking back upon it all is like turning a moving-picture film backward, and I could both laugh and cry as the machine of the years, turned by the hand of memory, comes to that girl who was "me," and who went so shyly, yet so boldly, into the office for a job. Oh, the clutch at the throat of your first assignment! The importance of your first police card! Your stammering plunge into questions of the first story that brings the grim horrors of sin and shame and crime so near—

Two years—I feel as if it had been ten—I have lost the beauty of my dreams of fame. I have lost my ambitions for making the world better by wonderful literature—I am grimly set now on getting—"good copy."

PERHAPS if I had lived home and had more friends and more household interests it would have been different; but the office—ah, it has been a refuge, with its companionship—its men always ready to talk shop, and its cheerful warmth and bustle: a refuge from stuffy boarding-house rooms and the acrid odors of stale food—faugh—thank heaven for success if it will take me to a second-floor double room in a house where the sunshine sometimes creeps in.

It may even come now—hurrah, for I am a feature writer, not just an ordinary reporter! I can expend my

soul beyond "two sticks," and I'm glad. Yet I'm too heart weary to feel any great exhilaration.

If I'd been like the girl reporters in the magazine stories I might feel more elated. I might feel a thrill if I knew this beginning had come from creeping at dizzy heights above the street on hotel cornices to overhear State secrets or to rescue a child from the room where kidnapers had imprisoned it; but somehow I never yet met a newspaper woman that did anything thrilling. It's just taking part in everyday life—not only in its pleasant things but in its tragedy, its suffering, and its crime, till sometimes it seems as if one's very viewpoint is warped by experience, and the greatest adventures become the dull grind of "work." The sordid retailing of sins and sorrows, or the equally sordid describing of the jewels and gowns and speeches of a lot of vain and snobbish women at some club, where everyone is afraid not to snub you for fear you'll forget you're "only a reporter"—heigh-ho—

OCTOBER 4—Oh, the romance of it all—the excitement, the joy that leaps up and clutches at your throat at the thought of things well done: of phrases and "copy" that will make newspaper people nod with appreciation—for, truth to tell, most of the stuff that's written is done for those in other newspaper offices, not for the public (but that's a secret I wouldn't admit any place but in my diary).

To-day, for the first time, I saw my borrowed name blazoned forth on the front page and tasted the bitter-sweet of success, and when I went into the office to-night the blur of the old romance, the old pleasure in it all, was there. The low-hanging, green-shaded lights bringing out shiny spots on the metal of the typewriters, the irritated note of the telegraph instruments, even the throaty yell of G— for the boy to "get the proofs," all seemed as it used to seem when I first came from home. As if the pulse of the world beat in that office, the doings of every land under the sun—sorrow and comedy, laughter and tears, the making of history, the revealing of men's sins—all were going on record there, and I—I was a part of it.

THE boys have been so dear and funny about my new work, but everybody had a word of congratulations—D—, whose blue suspenders and drab undershirt used to shock me so; K—, with his loud voice, his continuous expletives, and his tender heart—all the rough and cheery companions who put aside the so-called polish of social intercourse here in the service of the great good Copy—each was glad for me and showed it. And, best of all, when I draw my pay envelope—by jinks, I'm going to buy that hat with the tulle bow. Maybe, too, I can get out of this boarding house—I'd like to try a new combination of hallway smells to soothe my olfactory senses.

OCTOBER 13—An unlucky day—a day of rain and clouds and grief. I feel somehow as if my copy had wrenched a bit of my heart away, leaving it sore and bleeding.

Newspaper work is horrible. I hate it. I don't like to probe people's hearts—it hurts—I suppose I must get hardened, but I don't believe I will.

To-morrow, when the silver light of dawn creeps out of the East, they are going to hang a man. They are going to "hang him by the neck till he is dead" because he killed a man in anger; and his wife and their little children know it—and I had to stay with them hours; had to record, like a human phonograph, the agony of that mother—God, but life is cruel! Why are we so impatient? Why—

When I went to the house the eldest little girl opened the door and said: "Mamma is busy, but you can come in if you like." And upon that invitation I followed her into the murky kitchen. It was dark—the windows, long dusty, were smeared in streaks by the rain, and the atmosphere was heavy with the smell of onions.

The woman, dragged out of shape by the bearing of many babies—mercifully dead—was packing a basket and looked at me with dull eyes, quite calm. "You will excuse," she said in a tired voice; "I fix a nice meal for my man. It may be he will eat, and if we do not get it to the prison in time they will not let us send it in."

Copy

The Diary of a Real Newspaper

By PEGGY VAN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON

"Of course," I stammered, and with the latest baby clinging and gurgling about her knees she packed the sausages, the onions, the bread, and a great slab of pie. Suddenly it struck me oddly, sharply, that this was the last thing she would ever do for him—the last meal that he would ever eat—and somehow a tear slipped down my cheek.

I tried to hide it, tried to remember that I was a reporter and should have no emotion. I should see only copy, copy, copy, but it was no use.

The woman, looking up, saw the tears and for a moment stared as if bewildered, then into her dim eyes there leaped a flame that seemed to sear my very soul, and, crumpling in a heap, she rocked back and forth on the floor, her head against her knees, crying "Ai! Ai!" with that strange note of agony that one hears from those of her race. A cry whose anguish finally found vent in words: "God save him—God save him—have you no mercy? He is my husband—my man!" Then came the tears, not the tears that heal but the agonized, awful drops wrung from a breaking heart, and the little girl with her unchildlike face went over to the table and took up the task of putting clean papers over the basket to keep the food from the rain.

It was good copy—oh, very good copy.

I WISH I thought I could sleep. If I were a man I'd go out and get drunk. But then, perhaps, if I were a man I wouldn't see the shadow of the gibbet growing plainer in the dawn.

If I don't put the light out the landlady will give me the deuce in the morning—but the shadows! Oh, I wish I wasn't a reporter—I hate it, I hate it. Added to that, the rain ruined my suit, and it will cost me a dollar to have it pressed just after all I have spent moving into this new room—doggone the luck.

OCTOBER 14—After the rain, sunshine; after tears, laughter and the lights. Last night my heart ached, to-night it sings.

I love the good old office and the comradeship and life and everything. It's been a red-letter day. I was sent to get an elopement story, and the little bride was so sweet and so young, and the young husband so proud and so belligerently sure that he could support her despite unforgiving parents that happiness fairly radiated from them.

I felt for a while as if I had a part of their happiness. It all enwraps me in a maze of dreams and tenderness, and I'll bet my story will make all the sentimental old ladies weep with joy. Then J— asked me to go to a show with him. J— is a great dear, the star of the office, and has a brusque little cheery air that delights me, even though it ruffles my dignity frightfully. It takes so long to get used to the familiarity of the men, but I suppose one must.

For a moment, when he asked me for to-night, I had a panicky feeling that, like the immortal Flora, I had nothing to wear, but I said I'd go. I'm glad I bought a new hat, for it gave me a chance to take all my week's lunch money for a blouse. (I used to call them all waists, but I've learned better now.)

THE show was great, and afterward we had "lobster and champagne" at a café. It would sound frightfully slicked at home, but newspaper work widens the horizon and breaks down the narrow walls of old prejudices, and makes champagne not a sinful drink but a bit of the bubbling effervescence of life; a part of the lights and the music of youth—and love perhaps. At any rate, I had a peach of a time. My news instinct wove a thousand stories about the men and women who sat near us. The music and the glamour got into my blood, and J— is certainly awfully good looking; oh, it was by far the best time I've ever had. Such a different time from the would-be Bohemian gatherings in studios that I have been to during these past two years. I'm glad I can afford prettier clothes now—they'll come in handy. I wish I didn't have a guilty little feeling down in my heart some place. I sort of know I wouldn't show this part of my diary to Dad, but then I wouldn't show any of it, so why fret? I'm glad J— and I work in the same office; I won't have to connive at ways to see him, as seems mostly to be a necessity among newspaper girls, for days off are few and far between and formal visits almost out of the question.

OCTOBER 20—My head aches, so does my pride. I feel bruised and angry. Newspaper work is no sort of thing for a girl to embark on. It isn't a literary career; it's just plain grind for copy. It's full of jagged rocks, over which you have to walk with naked feet, and if you wince people laugh.

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Copy

al Newspaper Woman—Part I

GYAN BRAAM

ED BY WILSON PRESTON

Even J— laughed. The hermit didn't, though, and it was all because the shirt-waist makers are on strike. I went down to get a feature story about the pickets, but I couldn't see any. I saw some of the "scabs," however—such sullen, furtive-looking girls—and I stopped one and asked her if she could point out a picket. And then—oh, it makes me sick to remember it—a burly policeman came up and grabbed me and hauled me off, hollering about "interfering." I begged the girl to explain, but she just jeered at me and said something in Yiddish, and the patrol came—faugh—I can't even write of that ride—right through town.

The magistrate's court was so full and so dirty and such horrible women crowded near me.

The fat policeman said I was a picket and was interfering with the girls, and I forgot and shouted: "I'm not, I'm a reporter," and everybody roared with laughter, and I could feel myself turn beet color. Then the magistrate asked my name and looked at my police card, which certified to my being a "duly accredited reporter."

Then he said: "What were you after?" And I, too scared to be dignified, said: "I wanted to ask the pickets how it felt to be arrested," and, of course, everybody laughed again till the magistrate got mad and shouted for order. I knew I was going to cry, and I was so alone—it was hideous—the jeering faces, the cracked walls of the narrow room, and the judge with his mouth dribbled over with tobacco juice. Then quite suddenly a voice back of me said:

"Hey, Sam, I'm going to take Miss G— out of this, and you tell that gazabo of a fat-head cop to let newspaper folk alone, will you?" And there behind me was the hermit!

They call him that at the office because he never gets drunk, and lives at home with his mother and reads a lot. He writes editorials, and I don't know him very well, but I could have hugged him then, and I clung—yes, I clung to him and cried, like a fool, and he put his arm around my shoulders and took me out and put me in a taxi.

THE magistrate seemed to know him pretty well, for he came out and apologized, but he laughed too. The hermit never even smiled—bless him. He just sat there patting my hands and telling me I was a tramp, and I could get bully copy for a real picket story out of it, till I began to feel pleased again.

It was a good story, but everybody I pass on the street now seems to look at me curiously, and I have an awful feeling that they may have seen me in the patrol. I'll certainly never wear that hat again.

They nicknamed me the "jailbird" at the office, and it hurts. I wish J— hadn't thought it such a joke.

I wish, too, that I hadn't clung to the hermit and cried—he must think me such a fool. I guess I am, though. He doesn't like women anyway.

OCTOBER 24—I've been too busy the last day or so to write much, and the poor old diary has been neglected. J— and I were out together again last night; had dinner and went to the theatre, and generally pretended we belonged to the "idle rich." I keep liking him more and more, except that I wish he didn't drink so much. His eyes get so queer and swimmy—if there is such a word—that it gives me a panicky feeling in my heart. But—oh, well, I suppose I'm not the first girl who has fallen love with a man in the office. I know it's against all ethics. I don't even know anything about his people or his social status, and—what is perhaps the greatest revelation of all—my newspaper growth—I've never dared to ask him if he went to church: I'm afraid he'd laugh.

Still, those things don't seem to matter; all I can feel is that he is J—, whose desk is right by mine, and, after all, that's enough. Besides, it's certainly great to have somebody who looks nice to take me around places and give me a good time—I'm so sick of the deadly twaddle of the boarding-house dinner table.

OCTOBER 28—The hermit loaned me two dandy books to read—said I might be lonely on my evenings off. It made me feel guilty, though, for "evenings off" are always spent at the theatre or at cafés. After all, a girl who lives in a boarding house has to take her pleasure that way—it's the fault of circumstances, not of me.

I'M GETTING awfully thin and I'm tired; I wish I could take a week off. I'd like to be away from J—, too, for a little while and analyze my feeling for him.

I can't, though, for there's a rumor that a big car strike is coming, and if it does we'll all be on duty all the time, even poor little me. I wish I was a "society" reporter or on the woman's page—they have a perfect cinch, back in their little room away from all the hurly-burly and the



rush; but nobody seems to think of them as newspaper women; they're dilettantes at it.

Heigh-ho, I wish I knew where I could raise twenty-five dollars. I'm in debt to that amount for a new evening dress, and, then, I loaned ten dollars to a man at the office, and now he's left—so has my ten—for that is the chivalry of the average newspaper man to his feminine confrère. Thank goodness, J— isn't like that.

OCTOBER 30—Hallowe'en—at home the houses are gay with jack-o'-lanterns and great stacks of corn. Quaintly garbed men and girls are dancing in the barns and leading laughing parades through the streets. It is holiday time, and the carnival spirit is abroad. It is here in town, too, but in a rougher fashion; however, it's fun doesn't touch me to-night, I'm too tired.

I INTERVIEWED a girl shoplifter in her cell to-day.

I'd been in the court room lots of times before, but I'd never seen the cell room. It made me shiver. Even the sunshine that came in at a window at the end seemed lurid instead of cheerful—and those horrible cages! There was a drunken woman cursing in one, and, from the cell next to the girl I was talking to, the keeper of a house of ill repute was urging a girl runaway to take up the life she led, promising to get her out of jail if she did. "There's money in it. Money in it," she kept repeating till the police silenced her.

The girl I interviewed has stolen from stores and mulcted them out of much more by faking a "charge order." She was about my age, beautifully dressed, though somewhat mussed and tired from a sleepless night on the cot in her cell, and her eyes were sullen and shifting, but full of tragic despair.

She wouldn't talk at first, but finally she caught my wrist and cried out quickly, her words fairly stumbling over each other:

"S'pose you loved a feller, and he wanted you to look like other dames. Suppose you lived in a miserable hole with never a decent rag to your back. And it was just dead easy to get things. Silky things to rub your skin and soft clothes to touch, and to make you pretty—for him—would you be honest? Would you be honest?"

Her question rent a veil from my eyes, and I remembered—I had padded my expense account this very week to help me pay for that evening dress to wear for J—.

Honest? We were alike, she and I—I knew it.

The woman's instinct to sacrifice even honor for the sake of being beautiful in the sight of the one man was as great in her stunted soul as in mine, and on impulse I told her what I'd done.

WE BOTH cried a little, I think; then she told me about her life.

It was a peach of a story, one of the best I've written. I'm going to cut the amount that I padded my expenses off of my next week's slip. I don't care if I am in debt, I'm going to play—square.

NOVEMBER 2—There is going to be a strike. It will be called to-night. I could cry with disappointment, and yet I'm wildly happy.

I was going out with J—. (I've fixed my day off so that it comes the same time as his, for that gives us all day long and the evening together.)

We were both notified, however, at noon to be on duty at six o'clock. They wanted a feature story of waiting for the strike and the crowds, and, of course, I had to do it.

J— came over in the afternoon, railing bitterly against fate, and when I said that I was disappointed too, he caught my hands in his and—kissed me.

Oh, he is so dear and I am so happy. What do I care about strikes and the outside world now that I'm engaged?

Engaged? I'm not quite sure. J— didn't say anything about that, but, like the girl in the song, I'm content, for "he gi'd me a kiss and his love for ay—"

NOVEMBER 3—Awfully tired. I've sat for hours with a

head 'phone on, taking stuff from district men. Riots, accidents, mass meetings, rumors—all kinds of news that spells strike in a great city. News that makes the "copy" nowadays.

Once I heard two shots and a scream, and the man I was talking to dropped the receiver and ran. I couldn't get any answer after that. I shouted, prayed, called for some one to respond, and finally, after ten minutes, a voice said: "What are you hollerin' for? The feller beat it to see who was shot."

Later I got the story, but, believe me, if there is anything more maddening to rasped nerves than an open 'phone with nobody at the other end and a strike holding the city in thrall, I don't know it.

The hermit brought me home to-night; he says, with so much rioting and no cars to ride on, a girl must be careful. A girl! I'd almost forgotten I was one. I wish it had been J— who brought me home. But he went off to the club with two of the copy readers.

NOVEMBER 4—I am a near heroine! I rode on a scab car right through the heart of the strike district—but nothing happened. There were two policemen with heavy revolvers on the front platform and two on the back, and only one nervous man and myself on board.

The first couple of squares were without incident, then suddenly a small boy yelled: "Gee, there's a loidy on the car!" and everybody ran to look and even followed us for a while, eager, I suppose, to see me hit with a brick. But when nothing happened, they gave up the chase and took to other pursuits in more riotous districts.

FOR quite a while we jolted along quietly, going slower and slower, until finally we stopped, and the police, the motor man, and conductor held a conference, after which they approached me in a body and said, like a Greek chorus that hasn't been well rehearsed:

"Would youse mind getting on the floor of the car? We're getting in the bad section of the run."

The nervous old man, my fellow passenger, dropped at once, breathing out disjointed oaths and prayers mingled with a general invective against all unions, and after a little persuasion, just to pretend I wasn't scared, I got on the floor too. Broke the aigrette in my hat, too, darn it! I've half a mind to put it on my expense bill.

It was awfully dirty on the floor, and to save my life I couldn't help my feminine curiosity getting the better of me, and I kept popping up to cry, soundlessly: "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see a brick coming?" And every time I did the conductor would yell with heartfelt fervency: "For the love o' Heaven! g'down, g'down!"

At last they saw a crowd ahead, and we were afraid to go on. The police belligerently suggested going to 'phone for help, but the conductor clung tearfully to their coat tails and insisted upon their presence on the car, while the motor man muttered with livid lips that one burly man had waved a bomb in our direction just before he stopped.

Fear spread to all of us. The nervous old man openly prayed, the police looked to their revolvers, and there was a "you-may-fire-when-ready-Gridley" look in their eyes when they finally gave the order to go on—and on we went. But alas for thrills! The crowd was only a group of C. E. workers trying to get home from a religious meeting.

I wish somebody had dynamited something. It was too frightfully tame, especially when bully riots occurred all around us.

IT ISN'T such exciting sport being a reporter as most people think. The men have all the fun. I wish I wasn't a woman anyhow—no I don't either, because there's J—

The hermit raised an awful fuss because I went. Swore at the editor and said it was an outrage. I wish J— had. At least, I did wish he had been worried or objected, and was a little sore till he walked home with me to-night and told me the only reason he kept quiet was so the office

(Concluded on page 27)



The Reckoning

By JANE ANDERSON

Illustrated by
THORNTON D. SKIDMORE

THERE are more pleasant daily occupations than to sit behind bars and stare into the filthy patio of the county jail at Cochina, Arizona. Bill Cameron had done this for five months and twenty-eight days. When a man has lived in the saddle for the better part of thirty years and has come to understand the desert, this form of exquisite torture robs the nether regions of all terror. That Bill had committed no crime added piquancy to his position. Somebody had been guilty of hair-branding a hundred strays that rightfully belonged in the herd of a powerful cattle man; and somebody had to suffer. Bill, being a stranger in that section, and unable to prove a water-tight alibi, had been sent up for six months. The authorities felt that it was time to make an example; and when the judge is of this opinion, circumstantial evidence can be stretched so that it covers a great deal of ground.

As the tan whitened on Bill's cheek bones, and the skin on his hands softened like a woman's, he thought a great deal concerning these things. From getting up to lying down, he watched the scurrying mice in his cell and the criminal skulls of the Mexicans in the patio. But he gave them no thought; he was building and rejecting one plan after another. Somewhere outside, with his burros and prospecting outfit, were two six-shooters. It was his ambition to empty one of these into Ramón, the sheriff. He would have preferred to have Ramón, with the judge and jury, put away for six months in the jail that they might meditate; but this was obviously impossible for a man with no worldly wealth beyond two burros and the outfitting appurtenances thereof. He had abandoned any hope of reopening the case.

HIS hatred centered around Ramón for two reasons. Added to this, he hated him instinctively—which is stronger than any reasoning. In the first place, Bill classed him as a Cholo, and it is a white man's duty to despise the breed; secondly, Bill believed that he knew more about the matter of hair-branding than he chose to tell. He had no grounds for this save that Ramón had shown him every meager courtesy possible during his sentence. In reality, Ramón was high-caste Castilian, which differs from Cholo like wine from *pulque*; and he was genuinely concerned over the prisoner in Number Ten, who sat all day behind his bars, his left hand over his mouth and his eyes on the clamorous patio. But ceaseless thinking, shut off from sun and air, is apt to turn the brain into very devious and crooked grooves.

Bill was the only prisoner sufficiently dangerous to be locked in a cell. This was singular, in that he was the only *gringo*, at present, under the heel of Cochina justice. The patio was overflowing with Cholos—that output of border-line civilization which is neither Yuma Indian, low-caste Mexican, nor degenerate white blood, but an abominable fusion of the three. Every swaggering *mestizo* serving time could boast at least one notch on his gun butt, while Bill's six-shooters were as clean as the day they came across the counter, a fact of which he was proud. But in the West cattle stealing is the second great crime; murder is the third.

Bill had never spoken to the mob in the patio, although in the first month he had longed for the appearance of a white man's face among them. He no longer waited for the grating of the gate locks at noon, foretelling visitors, or for the inevitable scrambling forward of the prisoners. At first their adroit smuggling in of *pulque* and such delicacies had interested him; but that,

too, had become a part of the monotonous jail régime. But when there were but two remaining days of his sentence, trivial incidents became momentous experiences. All morning he watched everything with the eager anticipation of a child. He waited at noon for the turn of the gate key; it was through that gate that he would enter again the mysterious outside world. When the visitors were gone the Cholos crowded back into the patio, gabbling. One, a lean-faced Yuma, separated himself from the others and threw himself down on the floor opposite Number Ten. He drew from his shirt a roll of cigarettes and a cluster of Mexican matches.

BILL looked at the straw and paper litter in the patio, at the four flimsy walls inclosing it. "Want to bake us in here—like an ovenful of pigs?" he asked, and the prisoners came pattering from all quarters. It was as if a mute had lifted up his voice.

The Yuma ripped off a match from the cluster; the tiny sound was magnified in the silence. He lighted the cigarette, inhaling and exhaling luxuriously. The others looked on with hungry eyes. They pressed around him entreatingly, babbling their jargon. He blew the smoke in their faces and watched their quivering nostrils.

"Cholo to the last," Bill muttered.

Only a *mestizo* who lights one black cigarette with another during his waking hours and places a handful of them within reach of his blanket at night can understand the frenzy that descended upon the patio. The men fell on the Yuma, trampling him and his treasure under foot. They fought whatever their hands touched, enemy or friend, as if every man concealed under his shirt the treasure they sought. Bill watched them, grinning.

The lighted cigarette had been kicked into a heap of straw, which smoked and gradually flickered into flame. Little yellow tongues of fire flashed up the planking and were sucked into the drafty cracks. The crowd jabbered and struggled, unseeing; and the flames widened over one wall. Big drops of resin trickled like sweat down the boards. One of the men disentangled himself and, seeing the burning wall, stood beating his hands against his breast, his mouth hanging open. The smoke bellowed out into the patio.

"Lumbre! Lumbre!"

Bill saw two hands of fire creeping, snakelike, across the floor. The prisoners scattered, wailing.

"Beat on the gates and yell!" Bill ordered, straining against his bars. But the Cholos ran about like chickens and twisted their *serapes* around their heads, smothering their cries.

BILL threw all of his strength against the bars. Two of them bent under his hands and, in the glare, he saw the flakes of rust that fell to the floor. Rats ran, terrified, into the flames, and a snake writhed across a bed of hot straw. The place was filled with smoke so that Bill was cut off from the Cholos, save for their muffled crying. He clung to the bars. They did not yield, but they burned his hands like branding irons.

"Beat on the gates, you cowards!" He could hear them whimpering in a corner. "Then die like men, you saddle-colored!"

He heard voices in the passage and running feet. Ramón was swearing over the lock. The gate clanged open, and Bill saw him dragging the Cholos across the floor. Other men helped him; and outside in the street was shouting.

"That is all," Ramón gasped.

"Here!" Bill shouted. Then he heard the footsteps die out in the passageway.

He waited, opening and shutting his mouth over soundless curses. He watched the walls around him turn into flame, with brighter gaps for the doorways. He no longer struggled with the bars. He was concentrated on a flame darting fitfully through the cell door above his head. When a man faces a lingering death, it is said that he totals the incidents of his life; but the flame fascinated Bill and he could think of nothing else.

He saw a man battling toward him with a wet blanket that blazed on the corners.

"You got my key?"

The five seconds it took to turn the key in the lock were a century. Ramón pried Bill's hands from the bars and he stepped into the patio. Ramón staggered and Bill propelled him toward the gate with his body, since his hands were useless. They fled through the passage. Bill could hear a sudden crashing in the cells behind them.

The prisoners were huddled on the benches in the court room, which was at the end of the hall; and Bill was left to guard them. Ramón had placed his six-shooter on the judge's platform and, watching beside it, Bill remembered his intriguing. Above the clamor and the hissing of water on the jail roof he could hear Ramón directing. The sound of his voice never failed to turn Bill's eyes to the gun. Unsatisfied vengeance does not die easily; neither does the memory of six months' torture. But it is one thing to nourish hatred for the man who carries the keys of your cell and another to shoot down the man who has saved your life. Bill considered these things, his eyes on the mourning Cholos and his ears ringing with the battle outside.

AT TWILIGHT Ramón came into the court room. He was blackened with grime and smoke. "It is over," he said to Bill.

"Anybody hurt?"

"One of the deputies—a broken leg. It happened when the roof fell." Two undersheriffs came in and he signaled them to mount guard. "Come outside and look." Bill followed him across the room. From the doorway he saw the curious crowd in the street and shrank back, overwhelmed at facing them. He was ashamed and craved the isolation of his cell. The knowledge of his innocence did not sustain him; only the guilty can brazenly face condemnation. But the sunlight on the sandy courtyard would have carried him forward in the face of greater danger than a crowd agape before the foundations of a jail. He stood beside the sheriff and surveyed the ruins.

"It is a good thing," Ramón said at last. "They will build a new one now. I have tried to get them to before." He sighed, and Bill saw that his hands were unaccountably trembling. "Better men than I have gone down before things like this—"

"I don't get you."

"It means my resignation, of course," Ramón said quietly. "I let the matches get past me into the patio. But I have saved them the trouble of accusing me."

Bill looked at him and saw that the star was missing from his shirt. "I don't see why you had to get out," he said awkwardly. But he knew that only by a miracle could a Spaniard be elected to office; and that, once installed, he would ever be accepted in watchful tolerance.

"I never would have been sheriff if the man running against me had been a *gringo*—any sort of *gringo*."

Bill turned back toward the courthouse. "Where you goin' to put us to-night? Number Ten looks like a handful of ashes."

"The others will bunk, somehow, in the courthouse. Your time is out."

"One more day," Bill said, filling his lungs with the smoke-laden air while there was time. He followed Ramón into the sheriff's office and stood at the dirty window watching the crowd, conscious of a vague pity for them because they knew nothing of the value of their freedom. Apart from the others stood a woman with a fretful child loosely clasped in the curve of her arm. Bill turned away quickly.

"Smoke?" Ramón put cigars and a handful of cigarettes on the table. "There is a new pipe in that left drawer—if you want to break it in."

BILL accepted a cigarette. He wanted the pipe; but he would not have taken the cigarette if it had been humanly possible to refuse it. He tried to strike a match.

"*Caramba!*" murmured Ramón. He insisted upon bandaging Bill's hands. He did it clumsily, first spreading *ruices* salve on the blistered palms. Bill endured the service in embarrassed silence. He lighted the cigarette with difficulty and consumed it in furious puffs that stung his unaccustomed tongue. Six months is a long time without tobacco.

Ramón gave him his papers of release, his unopened wallet, and the two six-shooters. "The remainder of your property is locked in the corral—also your burros. The last day of your time we will mark off for good behavior."

Bill accepted his freedom in silence.

"Have you—have you seen yourself?" Ramón asked nervously.

"What?"

"Look in the mirror back of you, señor."

Bill turned to the cracked glass on the wall. "God!" he said. He fumbled his bandaged hands over his hair. Men speak too lightly of hair that whitens in hours of suffering.

"Was it black—yesterday?" he asked, his eyes fascinated by the singed gray above his temples.

"Sí."

The memory of his watching and waiting came over Bill. It was merciful, as all imagination of pain must be, but it sufficed to make him understand what Ramón had done. He saw his face turn white in the mirror. "You came in the nick of time—to get me out—"

Ramón sorted some papers noisily.

"Say," Bill said suddenly, "could you lemme have that pipe?" It was in such wise that the cornerstone was removed from his secret building.

WHEN he went out to the corral he found his burros fat at the expense of the county. Ignoring his reappearance, they fed stolidly from their overflowing mangers. A horse would have whinnied, dilated his nostrils in welcome, but they soberly ground their feed, eying him through silky, chaff-laden lashes. He stroked one of them regretfully. His saddles hung on the stable wall above his outfit. Over the horn of one of them was his hat. He took it down and fingered the familiar brim lovingly. He settled it on his head, and, with the sweatband around his forehead, realized for the first time the fullness of his liberty. Regaining his hat, he ceased to be the prisoner from Number Ten, wandering bareheaded in the courtyard, and took up his life where he had dropped it six months before. He puttered around the corral with ineffectual hands, whistling to himself.

Ramón joined him there. "Will you be leaving?" he asked.

"Soon as I can lead these scorpions."

Ramón looked out over the dusty town that lay in the hollow below the jail. The fading sunlight illumined one of the hovels, giving it windows of gold. "I would like to get away from this," he said. "Which way do you go?"

"Out on the desert somewhere—anywhere."

"Prospecting?"

"Scoutin' around a bit."

"No wife—no *niño*?"

Bill looked him over. "No," he said shortly.

Ramón sighed as he watched the sun drop down behind the distant levee. "I wish I could go with you—and get away for a time."

"Come along," Bill said lifelessly, goaded to it by his obligation.

Ramón laughed. His dark eyes

lighted with the irresponsibility of a boy's. "When do we leave—when do we return?"

"Come back when you get ready. Leave *mañana*." He mouthed the foreign word ironically, but Ramón did not heed.

"Will you come to my house with me for supper?"

"Sorry. I'm busy gettin' ready."

"My wife will be—"

"Any young 'uns at your place?" Bill asked eagerly.

Ramón's face clouded. "But come anyway."

"I better go down and give the town a look over, I reckon. I never had much of a chance to see it," he explained pointedly.

Ramón went out, closing the corral gate. "Choo Fong's eating place you will find next door to the Nugget."

Bill watched him cross the yard and disappear down the crooked street. He felt a great personal anger against circumstance for making him Ramón's debtor. He hurried away from the corral and went down into the town to get away from the temptation of leading his burros away under cover of night. Men greeted him at the bars without question; the West is not given to inquiry into the past. It is, like all new lands, made up of the world's riffraff, which it is not profitable to analyze. They respect what a man sees fit to disclose, and live only for the present, with the primitiveness and *naïveté* of children. Bill would have been consoled if some one had remembered him, even insultingly; it is not gratifying to drop out of the world and return to it unheralded and forgotten. He felt his insignificance in the general scheme and was without ambition to begin anew.

THE next day, toward sundown, Ramón found him at the corral. Bill was glad to see him, and he felt a certain contempt for himself because he had welcomed a Cholo. It would have been better had he encouraged the unattached affection of some stray dog.

"Your hands?" asked Ramón.

"Better. Let's pull out to-night."

"Buena—at what hour?"

"Right away. You got any grub together?"

"I have two burros, and the saddles are packed."

"Bacon, coffee, *frijoles*?"

"I have everything but cooking utensils."

"I've got enough skillets and pots for two."

Ramón brought out his burros from another stall.

They were a good pair—one of them packed and the other carrying a Mexican saddle, trimmed with silver. Bill mounted and they rode out of the yard together, leading the pack animals. Ramón stopped before an adobe house on a side street. The lawn was overgrown with flowers and orange trees, and through a wide doorway Bill could see a darkened patio where a fountain caught the light.

Ramón went in, and Bill saw the flutter of a white dress. He waited outside, sick at heart. He turned his eyes toward the distant desert and prayed silently that he might not have to return and take up the burden again. Ramón joined him and they went forward. When they dipped down from the mesa into the cool night shadows of the desert, Ramón took off his hat and lifted his hand wearily to his forehead. "*Dios*," he murmured, "I would that I need never return."

Bill looked at him and at the smear of white powder on the dark shirt above his heart. He marveled then as he had marveled at the crowd outside the jail—who had not valued their happiness.

THEY pitched camp at midnight, and Ramón shouldered the heavy work, sparing Bill's hands. After eating, he cleaned up and staked the burros, carefully forestalling any assistance. Bill, watching him, drowsily admitted to himself that he was glad they had started out together. In the months that followed they became friends as only men who love the desert can. Sometimes they rode all day without speaking, absorbed in the cloud shadows on the sand, in the course of the sun that was calendar, timepiece, and guide to them. They prospected when they tired of the saddle, and once in a shallow arroyo they found promising quartz. They sat up all night, feeding their camp fire and spending their fortune. The next day they went on, unrewarded and content. Such a life is the supreme test of a man. Released from the thumb of civilization, he creates his own standards. He is stripped of artifices and is revealed wholly in such simple tasks as the sharing of camp duties. When Bill's hands were healed, the work was tacitly divided. At one oasis Ramón would scrub out the accumulated wash, at the next Bill would assume this responsibility.

One night Bill brought in a mountain sheep, and they cut it into strips and hung it on tie ropes stretched between two ironwoods. "We'll have to hang around and wait till this here jerky dries out."

"Sí," said Ramón. He had coaxed a small lizard from the chaparral and was unsuccessfully training it to stand on its tail in the palm of his hand.

"Grub's holdin' out fine." Bill lighted his pipe and sat watching the dancing shadows in the fire.

"Sí. How long have we traveled?"

"Round about four month, I calculate, by the washin' we done." They fell silent and Bill lay on his back, staring up into the purple vault of the sky. They were encircled by low-crested dunes, smooth and silver under a high moon. From the distance he heard the mourning of coyotes, challenged by the call of a young mountain lion in the hills far beyond. A triangular shadow slowly circled the sand around their fire.

Ramón looked up superstitiously. "That is a bad omen," he murmured.

"It's a pack o' buzzards after the insides of that sheep."

"But we threw that in the arroyo."

"Well, buzzards make big circles."

But Ramón moved about restlessly. He finally sat down by Bill and rolled a cigarette. "Are you happy?" he asked suddenly.

BILL moved nearer the camp fire and propped his head on one hand. "Nobody's happy. The best we can do is to forget, for a little bit, the things we oughter remember."

"But a man cannot stay out here forever. Maybe you have nothing on your soul—"

"We all do some things it ain't pleasant to remember. But I didn't have nothin' to do with that hair-brandin'."

"I knew it," Ramón said. "But I was powerless."

Bill guiltily remembered his plotting. He had a desire to tell of it and so clean off the slate; but it seemed far away, unreal, and eluded words. But he was suddenly conscious of a need to voice the things that lay next to his heart. He struggled with it, fearing that in the sunlight he would regret. But a need for understanding and sympathy concerns the emotions, and therefore has nothing to do with reason. Ramón was his friend, nearer and more intimate in the solitude encompassing them. "It's harder to be sinned against than to sin," Bill said slowly, thereby



The sobs were torn out of the very depths of his being—he was crying over other dead things than the body beside him. The tears poured down his face, but he did not know how to wipe them away. He had had no need of tears



The Baltimore Affair from Three Angles

By GEORGE ADE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

THE Hon. Brad Swivett is home from Baltimore. When he stepped off No. 6 on to the stilted wooden platform parallel with the railway tracks cleaving Pigeon Crest, Missouri, he still wore his delegate badge—his alpaca coat pulled tightly over his plump shoulders, for in one side pocket was a book of views, folded concertina-wise, and the other side pocket contained, as a counterweight, two dozen metallic souvenirs for Ella's children.

One of the Lamsey boys took the suit case and Earl Pettit, second son of the county recorder, carried the basket of freestones purchased at St. Louis.

The Hon. Brad catty-cornered to the cool shade along the front of the Commercial Hotel. Shaking hands right and left, he moved toward the Gem restaurant and ice-cream parlor, a straggling parade gathering behind him. His cane-seated throne was waiting under the wooden awning. While removing the coat and hanging it on a bunch of bananas, he spoke no word, nor did he smile. Yet those who stood six or eight feet away from him, held somewhat aloof by an instinct of respectful submission, saw the grim light of prophecy in his weary eyes and knew that the compressed lips were holding back a message from the supreme council.

He had been away only two weeks, but he looked five years older and forty per cent more momentous. Master Busby, in charge of the fountain at the Gem, came with a tall and clinking beverage for the political baron of Pigeon Crest. The drink was dark in color and spiced with the secret essence of the kola nut—a subtle invigorant still tolerated in the dry belt.

THE Hon. Brad Swivett quaffed it in three gulps, long sustained, and then gazed reflectively at the twinkling globes of ice. Uncle Wes Everill, balancing himself on an upended crate of tomatoes, broke the brief silence: "How about it, Brad?"

And the gallant son of Missouri, still smelling of the smoke of battle, watched the ice melt and spoke as follows:

"We got there of a Monday. Baltimore is a lively town,

but a good deal different from Saint Louey. The business part is full of tall buildings and crowded on the order of Chicago, but the residence part, where we camped, is the doggonedest-lookin' place you ever see. The houses are packed in together, without any front yards and all of them cut off o' the same piece. I guess I saw a million brick dwellin's four stories high, all the brickwork lined out in white and a marble flight o' stairs in front of every blamed house. The principal industry of all the niggers in Baltimore is keepin' the steps clean. The hotels bein' so crowded, six of our delegation went to a private family. We got beds and breakfast for five a day, which'll give you some faint and gropin' idea of what it costs to save the country."

Now, all this was clearly unrelated to the recent ordeal of fire. It looked as if the Hon. Brad Swivett was skirting the issue. Uncle Wes spoke what he alone dared say: "We've been wonderin' around here, Brad, how you ever worked yourself up to votin' against Bryan."

The delegate had been expecting it. He shook his head mournfully.

"Boys, I guess you know how far I've been willin' to go for William Jennings on any ordinary proposition. We trailed down there to Baltimore with a good many other tried and true Democrats to adopt a platform agreein' in no particular with that crazy-quilt patched together in Chicago and to nominate Champ Clark for President. I s'pose that four-fifths of all us delegates landed there hopin' we could stave off a family row and go through the week without makin' large gray monkeys of ourselves. All the way down we heard distant rumblin's to the effect that William J. was goin' to make a fight on Judge Parker for temporary chairman. We hoped it wasn't so. The Judge had been picked out by the National Committee and was backed up by a lot of regular bench-workin' State bosses that we needed in our business. Us delegates had nothin' against Judge Parker, personally. He may be a secret agent of Wall Street, but he don't look it. I've always figured he was the kind of man that would go along at a Sunday-school picnic to put up a swing for the children. I guess the truth o' the matter is that Bill Bryan was sore as a crab to see his old-time enemies and the New York crowd runnin' things. You take a man who's used to wearin' the high top boots and crackin' the whip, an' it grinds him to crawl up on the blue seats an' lay quiet. And, of course, I wouldn't make any deposition that Bill didn't have it in the back of his head all the time that if he could head off Parker and get out in front of us and sound a few clarion blasts on the old dented E-flat bugle, mebbe we'd forget our instructions and buck through the wire fence and go on a regular 1896 stampede. Dang it all, you can't blame him. I s'pose the one plank in his platform that's never been planed down or dovetailed or changed in any particular is the one that specifies him as the lad to straddle the white horse and lead the process. If I had been grubbin' and waterin' around a patch for sixteen years, watchin' a melon get ripe, I wouldn't feel like givin' three hearty cheers when some neighbor emerged from the cornfield and picked the melon."

"He said the money kings and the bosses they own, body and britches, was tryin' to steal the Convention," suggested Ory Cramp, from the doorway. Mr. Cramp is proprietor of the Gem and corresponding secretary of the Jackson Club.

"That's what made it hard for us. We're accustomed to takin' his word on any proposition derogatory to or of Wall Street. But listen, men. We needed considerable over 700 votes to land Champ. That bunch of 90 votes from New York looked bigger than a haystack to us. Could we say to Mr. Murphy: 'Please don't vote for our man becuz you're under suspicion'? I'm for the West against the East, but I'm for votes wherever they're to be obtained. Of course, us plain delegates may not have got on to all that was bein' cooked up in the back rooms, but it galled us to have even Bill Bryan hint around that Champ had hooked up with the same New York millionaires that he's been toastin' for twenty years."

"I'll bet Bryan made 'em set up and take notice," said Uncle Wes.

"Yes," replied Mr. Swivett, "the only thing we felt sure of at all times was that Bill would make another speech in a few minutes. He seemed to come under the head of unfinished business. No matter what was before the house, Bill was able to jump in an' prove that he was the only thing before the house. Tuesday morning we went up to the Armory, a half mile from where we lived, our badges flutterin' gayly and hope singin' in our hearts, so to speak. We were all deluded into the belief that we could jam through a harmony program and name Clark on the second ballot. By the way, I s'pose that Armory is the biggest building in the world. It's made of stone, with a hump-backed roof, and bein' entirely surrounded by little squatty houses where the niggers live, it was just like Jumbo standin' out in a field with Shetland ponies all around, knee-high. We packed her to the roof and gave a few preliminary hollers an' had a prayer, an' then before we could turn a wheel William Jennings was up in the tall pulpit makin' a fight on the New York crowd. There we sat, achin' to holler for him and half-believin' everything he said, but not darin' to make a move against the fellows we counted on to help us nominate Champ. After he got turned down that day, the word went around that he would be allowed to doctor the platform to his heart's content. In fact, he could have anything he wanted except the nomination. They started in to placate and the more they placated the hotter he got."

"He was fightin' for a great principle," suggested Uncle Wes.

"Well, about half the delegates thought so, and the other half figured that the hot weather and the sight of that nomination hangin' some two feet above his reach had worked together to loco him. Still, when it come around to Thursday evening things looked purty harmonious. The contests was settled and the platform was on the fire, and all we had to do was listen to the wind-jammers, nominate Champ, and start home. I s'pose you read about it. The hall looked as if it had a million people in it that night. Another million collected outside and tried to keep us from gettin' in. I never saw so much illumination. Every part of that big amphitheatrical arena was just one flare and glare of light, like a tableau in school hall. We had our usual prayer, and then, before we could settle back, William J. had plunked in again with that dynamite resolution against the connivin' millionaires. Talk about rough-house! He stood up on the high ground, pale as wax, with electricity snappin' all around him—some of us yowlin' at him to go ahead, others barkin' up at him like coon dogs



Boss Murphy of New York



Ollie James of Kentucky, too busy talking to eat



Cone Johnson, the acrobat from Texas



A ferocious delegate



PRINCETON

around a sycamore, and a good many more weepin' inwardly and scared blue. The harmony program had seven punctures and a blow-out. We couldn't stand by Champ without buckin' William J., and we couldn't turn down William J. without puttin' our O. K. on Wall Street. But we crawled out o' that hole. We passed the resolution with the black sheep helpin' to denounce themselves. We sat there all night watchin' the maniacs perform, and staggered away at daylight with Champ holdin' a safe lead on the first ballot. It looked like a cinch. New York was ready to fall in. That would give us 90 at one slap. Then a tall scramble for the band wagon. That's what we dreamt as we lay in rows on our little hospital cots, the sun beatin' down on our smilin' faces. We came back at four o'clock and began votin' again. We voted and rested and voted again. It's all like a bad dream after that. The hall was hotter than a hay-mow. Most of us were half undressed. We panted and perspired and polled every fool delegation one thousand times, as near as I can recollect. Somewhere in the noise an' dust, an' between pieces by the band, we saw William J. clinched with Champ. When Damon



Bryan's fan did not cool the Convention

started in to swat Pythias, we threw up our hands. Boys, I'm for any ticket labeled Democratic, but I'm shakin' with dread. Let me go home and calm down. I've seen five hundred Democrats, callin' themselves regular and progressive, stand up on their toes and demand the blood of Bill Bryan. I guess the world's comin' to an end."

HE LIFTED his coat from the bunch of bananas and moved into the sunlight. The Lamsey boy and Earl Pettit, keeping well behind him, did not dare to break in on his grief.

On the very day which brought the real news to Pigeon Crest, another delegate of a different mold alighted from the Louisville express at the tree-sheltered county-seat known as Juniper, State of Kentucky. Colonel Milo Stansbury wore a gray suit. The coat was a frock in pattern, but of light fabric and not lined. Such a coat enabled the Colonel to maintain the outward decencies of the legal profession even in the dog days. His hat was a wide Panama, and his mustache was silvered almost to whiteness.

The Colonel supervised the transfer of the valise from the negro porter to the negro hackman, and made a saluting gesture, with a very rigid forearm, to the station loafers.

Two hours later he was on the shady part of the porch with Judge Trueby, Captain Hanchett, and Clay Radbourne, editor of the "Beacon."

At the risk of losing the real "atmosphere" of this stage picture—sunny afternoon, colonial pillars, climbing vines, and four Kentucky gentlemen in soft colors—it must be recorded that the glasses contained homemade mead, rich with nutmeg and cinnamon, Mrs. Stansbury being away up in the W. C. T. U.

"Gentlemen, he sought to bestride the Democratic party like a Colossus," Colonel Stansbury was saying. "He lectured us, by gad, sir, just as the principal of our high school would go after a lot of unruly boys. His effrontery was amazing; his presumption unlimited; his egotism spectacular. We bore with him patiently, but the situation, sir, was most trying."

"I couldn't make out from the newspapers just what proof he offered that Ryan and Belmont were trying to dominate the Convention," said Judge Trueby.

"We had no proof. They were of Wall Street, therefore guilty. I hold, sir, that we should have been flattered to know that men of large private means and undoubted social eminence were sitting in our midst as delegates. They sought no personal controversy with this rampaging person from Nebraska. They came, as most of us came, animated by the hope that our beloved party was about to sweep away a faltering and demoralized opposition and assume control of all departments of the Government. Gentlemen, I met these money kings and I had conversation with the so-called 'bosses.' They impressed me, sir, as being fair-minded and sincerely devoted to our party. Mr. Murphy, Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Taggart each gave me assurance of his devotion to the progressive policies advocated by Mr. Bryan. Strangely enough, all three claim Irish antecedents. As they come of warlike stock, I expected to hear them speak bitterly of their antagonist. On the contrary, gentlemen, they bore his insults with incredible humility. They had no desire to drive him from the party."

The editor allowed that the reunited party was in a kind of a hole. "Gentlemen, I have been to Baltimore," said the Colonel, wearily. "I am willing to be in any kind of a hole if Mr. Bryan is not present."

Now, listen to the third voice. The delegate is sitting in a side-bar buggy on a lonesome thread of black roadway that leads across wide billows of prairie. He was one of the battling Wilsonites of South Dakota—the little group that drew on the fighting of the second day. "Boys, he looked bigger to me than ever."

That's what he is saying to the three in blue jumpers who ran from the shack to head him off. "We traveled all the way to Baltimore to celebrate the final victory of everything progressive, only to find the front seats occupied by the same old crowd of safe players and money counters. Fought 'em? Of course

(Concluded on page 24)



Hon. Brad Swirell

Sound and Madness in Baltimore

B. y HONORÉ WILLISIE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

NOISE! Noise! Then, more noise! In infinite volume, infinite persistence, unending harshness, until the protesting nerves sagged and ceased to respond! This is the first, last, and most persistent sense impression of the Convention at Baltimore.

Convention Hall was like a giant drum, in which raged hailstorms, and thunder chorus, and strident shriek of wind and tide, raised to ear-shattering force by the hollow echoing of the drum walls.

Add to the noise a constantly flickering anarchy of color that could melt into harmony only when the exhausted eyes refused longer to distinguish between pinks and reds, greens and blues, yellows and blacks; walls of yellow, hung with red, white, and blue; galleries packed with clothing and fans of every shade; a border of red, white, and blue on yellow, then on the main floor, a wide swaying ocean of livid pink—human faces upturned toward the speakers' stand. All this never for a moment still, but forever quivering, sliding, swaying, until the eyelids closed in protest.

Add to the noise and the anarchy of color, heat. Not the heat of June fields, or even the burning radiation of city pavements, but the heat that could come only with the hollow drum in the swelter of the sultry Baltimore summer, filled to capacity with sweating humans, who breathed the same air over and over—heat that was tangibly heavy, that was feverishly odorous and utterly enervating.

This was the setting for the Democratic Convention Drama—a queer drama which the audience of ninety millions saw only through the eyes of the handful of pressmen; a drama in which every act, incident, and dialogue was called out of its name and only the deeply initiated could interpret the fable; a drama where not only the audience did not appear, but the chief actors themselves were not present; a strange, mad play, with everyone, from the author to the hired supers, almost tragically intent on his own end in the performance!

The delegates, over a thousand of them, were by way of being the chorus. One must not be deceived by the delegate's own sense of importance into thinking that he was either the hero or the villain. A main characteristic of the chorus man is to think himself the whole show.

John Henry Smith (which is not his real name), delegate from a Middle Western State, was plainly discernible from the press stand. He was a fair type of delegate. Back home he prided himself on being a politician and a business man. He believed in Free Trade as he did in the Ten Commandments. He believed in government by the people; that the Democratic party could give to the people a chance to govern themselves, and he believed that he was a personal representative of the desires of the ninety millions. He was a pretty good average delegate, John Henry Smith—he was not in anybody's pay, so he was not so bad as many. He had no straight-cut philosophy of politics, so he was not so intelligent as a few. But he had come to Baltimore with the idea of being square and of helping Democracy to save the country: good enough ideals for any citizen. Smith didn't get the Convention in the large. He was confused and crushed by its welter of details. While the play proceeded, however, his mind worked as well as it could, and in the end his belief in several things was annihilated, which is bad for the average mind. And it was this little mind tragedy of John Henry's, in relation to the big play, that seems significant enough to tell about.

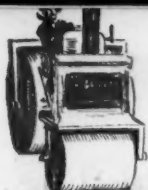


John Henry Smith

The play was called, to the ninety millions, "A Convention." Its real name was "The Desire for Power." The plot was tied by the play and counterplay of Wilson, the hero; Big Money, the villain, and Bryan, the maker of situations, in this fight for power.

Smith liked the way the play opened up—the band music, Cardinal Gibbons in his scarlet garments, and Bryan with his fine old lion face dominating the assemblage. The first act centered about the choosing of a temporary chairman. John Henry said to himself that he knew what that meant. It meant the struggle was on between the Progressives and the Conservatives. Smith was a cautious man. He couldn't help being a Conservative. The act was well staged and well presented, in spite of the fact that all the actors, except Bryan, were understudies. There were the single strident voices from the speakers' platform, rising well above the continuous hum of the chorus and the supers in the galleries. There were sudden interludes with music from the band; there was action not only when fans and restless bodies marked time, but when, with wild screams and distorted faces, a portion of the assemblage raged about the hall with banners, umbrellas, hats, and coats waving. There were byplays and clown work and specialties by both understudies and delegates.

And when the act ended the plot was well complicated. Smith sighed with satisfaction. He said to himself: "Bryan loses, Parker wins the temporary chairmanship. The party and free trade and the saving of the country now have a fighting chance." You see, Smith did not get it that the play was symbolic. The words were real words to him. He did not see that the discordant roars of sound that never ended were unmistakable signs that the play was not founded on a fundamental human issue. It was a "made" drama. Silence, broken only by cries of pain or joy, is the expression of a fundamental issue. A deep human problem was to be found in Convention Hall. But it was not in the play. It was in the fact that the play existed.



The second act was well launched when John Henry began to get the idea that there was something not fair in the play: that too much was being said of persons, too little of principles. Then and there Smith decided to give this thought to the Convention. He swallowed his Adam's apple thrice and pulled himself to his feet by the chair back ahead of him. Before his mouth opened the man beside him pulled him back.

"What you going to say?" he asked Smith, mildly. "I'm going to ask them what in thunder a Convention is for, anyhow."

"Forget it," said the other man briefly. "You're not supposed to have thoughts; you're nothing but a delegate."

Something inside of Smith made a bitter taste in his mouth. "Is that so? What would happen if us delegates walked out? It would bust this thing wide open."

"They'd get another set, honey. The delegate is the original houn' dawg," commented the other man.

"I was sent here," persisted Smith, "to bring the will of the people of my State to bear on the nomination of the Presidential candidate, and I'm going to tell the fellows a thing or two."

THE other man eyed John Henry keenly. This is a sort of Back-Home-Your-Own-Folks honesty that can move even hirelings if presented at the psychological moment. The other man knew this and kept his hold on Smith's coat.

"You delegates are just the black and red men of the game of checkers. You don't move of your own will. Sit still."

Smith sat still, not because the other man told him to, but because he wanted to think.

The second act was more picturesque than the first. The noise increased, there was more chorus work, and the understudies were sifting out so that one might at times catch glimpses of the principals. The act was many-scened. The scenes were carefully labeled. Among others, there was the Reports of Committees; otherwise, The Powers Establish Guards on Each Other. Also there was the Seating of Delegates; otherwise called, Setting the Checkerboard. Some of the clown work was extremely primitive, but only the more picturesque for that. One of the pressmen paused, in contemplating his message to the ninety millions, long enough to throw an annoying fellow pressman crashing to the floor. A wild shriek of the chorus followed this episode, and the brass band, led by Heaven knows what unconscious irony, struck into "America": "Land where my fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride!" It was chanting a forgotten dream to deaf ears, and had an element of tragedy in it.

Some of the specialty work was marvelously effective. The blind Senator held the whole company while he spoke of ambitions and ideals which his blind eyes beheld as realities, while to his hearers they were but tales told by a dreamer.

At the end of the second act all the elements for the climax at the end of the third had been introduced. The chief actors had evolved plot and counterplot against the peace and power of each other. Bryan had planted the whole stage full of situations into which

he smilingly dared anyone from Big Money to Chorus to stumble and see what happened. Even the deferential references to the audience, which was paying for the show and which thought the show was for its benefit, were being neglected.

When the third act opened John Henry Smith bit his finger nails, cursed the noise which deprived him of half his thinking power, hung himself by his shoulder blades from the back of his chair, and talked to himself.

"I was sent up here to vote for the folks back home, and I'll do it, doggone it! What the dickens is all this red tape about? Messing their fool talk clear across the week. Why don't they let us vote and go home?"

Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "Mr. Chairman—!" Hands from either side and back of him jerked him into his chair.

"Nobody told you to talk," said the man behind him. "What you think you're doing?"



There was action when with wild screams portions of the assemblage raged about the hall

"Why, you fools, it's simple enough," answered John Henry; "I came up here to vote, to deliver the will of the people."

"Forget 'the people'!" said his first guardian. "There 'ain't no such thing!"

Smith raised his fist; then his sense of humor prevailed, and he sat down. "Say," he said, "this Convention, as a means of delivering the will of those things which you say are not, is just about like this: A bunch of folks wants to send something valuable to a distant place where it can be cashed in—say it's a diamond. They wrap it up in a piece of paper and charter a fifty-two-car freight train, and in the middle of it they put the diamond. Then they all start shoving and pushing and sweating that freight train along the track, by hand. Every few feet they all knock off and have a fight or a drink or both—"

"Sure!" agreed one of the listeners, "and when they finally get the train there, they find the diamond has been stolen by a fellow who pretended to examine it as an expert."

"Either that," said the man on the other side of Smith, "or else they finally get it there only to find that it was a paste diamond."

"Don't believe for a minute that they are expert enough to recognize a paste," grunted some one.

"Don't you fool yourself," croaked Smith; "there's a diamond expert in every community; and sooner or later folks get wise to it and use him to beat the crooks at their own game. I'll tell this bunch so, too."

"You won't, honey! You'll vote the way we tell you to, and be glad of the chance, and of what comes your way as a consequence."

John Henry Smith flushed a red that burned his very tongue. Suddenly he recognized that he, John Henry Smith, the husband of Mattie, his wife, the father of Johnny Smith, his son, had been marked in the place that never loses its scars. Heedless of the noise that raged to the very roof, heedless of the flaunting, foolish banners that were carried by, he sprang up in his chair and shot both bony arms above his head.

It was the gesture with which ancient men denied Satan, the gesture with which the foundering mariner threatened the heavens with revenge.

"Mr. Chairman, I will not cast my vote for Big Money! I will not sell my franchise! I will not go home and—"

They pulled him down, and few had seen or heard.

The third act went on now, full of sound and madness, signifying nothing, now sullenly, as the exhausted chorus was shoved back and forth in the last hand-to-hand struggle of the understudies. For hours and hours the play continued, until all but the chief actors were in a delirium of exhaustion. Day drifted into night, night melted into dawn, and still the last act whirled on.

IT IS a strange motive force, this lust for power. It is not to be confounded with that force which made Lincoln fight for the Presidency, nor with that which made the Nazarene sway His multitudes, nor with that which drove Joan of Arc from her orchard and spinning wheel. The lust for power has its roots in self, and though it often makes for a certain heroism, it never tears its roots from

self, nor sacrifices self except in overreaching. That other force is from without or above, or from wherever it is that comes the justice that is greater than mercy, the charity which is greater than justice, the sacrifice which sees beyond humanity. Our human instinct for recognizing the force while it is in action is never good. Almost always we crucify those who are its instruments. Yet there is nothing in this we call life for which we look so eagerly; or so yearn over after we have destroyed it.

We like to say that the times produce the needed men. Yet in our bewildered hearts we know that never has there been a time that did not need the Nazarene, or the Lincoln, or the Joan of Arc. The eyes of the ninety million turned hopefully, wistfully, toward the Play at Baltimore. Perhaps the Force was working there. But to one who was not initiated it seemed as if the whole great company, drunk with sight of Power, had

*Loosed wild tongues that held not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser tribes without the Law.*

John Henry Smith rehung himself on his chair back
(Concluded on page 25)





KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

Standard since 1848

DELICIOUS ice cream made at home—a real treat for all and a pleasing satisfaction to the housewife who serves it. To make sure of the smooth grained and firm ice cream that moulds so nicely and dishes well, follow this recipe:

Kingsford's Ice Cream—Sift together one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one level tablespoonful Kingsford's Corn Starch. Add one pint milk and stir over hot water till it thickens. Cover and cook twelve minutes, stirring occasionally. Into one-half cup sugar, gradually beat the yolks of three eggs already beaten. Stir into the hot mixture and keep on stirring till it thickens. Pour into freezer when cold, flavor to taste and add one pint cream, and freeze as usual.

To guard against disappointment, use Kingsford's wherever corn starch is required—in Blanc Mange, Pastries, etc. Ordinary corn starch will not give the results you desire.

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National Starch Co., Suc'rs. Oswego, N. Y.

Clothes pure white and crisp—lingerie waists dainty and light—fine undergarments satin-finished and pliable—these are the results you get with

KINGSFORD'S SILVER GLOSS STARCH

Good washing alone won't produce them. Cheap bulk starches will stiffen a fabric but they often leave tell-tale spots and stains. Kingsford's, the pure natural lump starch, is perfectly clean—used by careful housewives for three generations. Insist that the dealer send it. Direct the laundress to use it.

Sold in 1 lb., 3 lb., and 6 lb. boxes.

T. Kingsford & Son
National Starch Co., Suc'rs
OSWEGO, N. Y.



Bryan Says "Boo!"

(Continued from page 9)

was to make men so nervous and hateful that now and then fists were flying. It caused "Alfalfa Bill" Murry of Tishomingo, Oklahoma, to stand in his chair and in sincere drawl of "the real stuff" say to the Convention in a personal, friendly way, but in a voice that caused men to stare silently at the lean, stoop-shouldered figure: "There's one thing I know—Oklahoma ain't goin' to follow Tammany Hall!"

The effect of the "Boo!" was to cause Mr. Hearst to eat some of his meals with a thoughtful expression on his face. It made language hot and glances red. Chicago had been a ceremony of gloom; Baltimore at times rose to the height of a Donnybrook!

It was a deadlock affair; Mr. Bryan found it chained. He let it calm down a moment; then, peeping out with a faint grin on his straight slit of mouth, he said: "Boo!"

"Lord! what was that!" yelled the Convention, and, seeing Bryan, made a leap at him.

NO one knew exactly what he was trying to accomplish, other than saying the party from piracy on the part of the "interests," and fitting to it a Progressive suit of the latest cut. Men, however, wanted to kill him; some, who had once been his disciples, talked of him as if he were the Original Pest. The Commoner had become an Uncommoner. And, whenever they tried to exterminate him as the Republicans tried to exterminate Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan screamed for his "gang"—the People. Then there would be a rush to "get off" Mr. Bryan and "let him up." It was new comedy in politics; the like of it had never been seen.

Coincident with it, another remarkable and perhaps inspiring fact became obvious as the ballots from the first to the fortieth proceeded. Hardly a roll call came upon which Woodrow Wilson did not gain strength.

There was no melodrama about this gathering of impetus; there was nothing sensational about it. It took time. On the first ballot the Governor of New Jersey had 324 votes; at the thirtieth he had passed Clark; at the thirty-fifth he had climbed to 494½. He went above 500 at the forties. As the nominating ballot approached he had climbed to 633.

This was not "politics."

This was not trading.

This was not oratory or demonstrations.

It was the Country—out yonder.

PERHAPS for the first time in history the country was exerting pressure on a convention in session!

"Stay till Wilson is nominated," said one telegram from "constituents" to a delegation. "If you need expense money, will mortgage our furniture and pawn our clothes and send it. . . . Wire votes at our expense." "If you want to come back to live in this town, vote for Wilson," said another.

There were three significant things about the Baltimore Convention:

The simple power of its master.

The character of its nominee.

The part that public opinion played in its deliberations.

The Commoner, through the years of his habitual candidacy, endeavored to make a people respond to his ideas; in 1912 he had with full sincerity responded to theirs. As a fighter for himself he had shown weakness; as a fighter for others—the rank and file of his party—he now showed the fullness of his strength. In 1896 he stormed fame with oratory; oratory was not his power in 1912. In 1900 he had learned old-fashioned politics; old-fashioned politics was not his staff at Baltimore. At Baltimore Mr. Bryan's strength was built out of the qualities of judging the sentiment of the people, of keeping his own counsels, of being patient under abuse and cool under fire, of deceiving the enemy by his simplicity, just as Roosevelt deceives and confuses the enemy by his simplicity; of calling out in a loud, clear voice at the right time for the support of honest men and of refusing to compromise a wrong.

To those who enjoy that which is stirring and dramatic in human faces and personalities, the Baltimore Convention would have furnished a rich return of interest had it had only one personality in attendance and one face in the hall. To understand this it must be comprehended that Mr. Bryan was playing a lone hand

(Concluded on page 24)

The Inter *National* Champion



National car winning 500-mile International Race defeating cars of greater cost and 20 per cent greater piston displacement. 500 miles in 381 minutes and 6 seconds. Breaking world's record by 4.11 miles per hour. Average of 78.72 miles per hour.

The Greatest Automobile and the Greatest Racing Achievement in History

IT required more than speed to win the world's hardest and fastest motor car contest, the International 500-mile race, won by a National car. *It took durability, reliability and stamina.*

From the white heat of this analytical test on every ounce of power and fiber of strength, the National car emerged victor, proving its superiority over the best of American and foreign cars. The race told the story of Quality—gave you your guarantee of the most reliable and serviceable motor car of the two hemispheres—the National.

We make racing a *caution*. We want you to regard our racing victories as tremendous demonstrations of the *vitally* of the National. You can not get away from Quality. Quality is *value*. Quality is *dependability, life, service*.

We give the National our confidence before we ask yours. Add to the pride of ownership, the absolute knowledge that your National is superior in every respect to all other cars regardless of cost.

The winning of the 500-mile race crowns the past performances of the National cars which have won all manner of championships in hard contest with larger and more costly cars, such as World's Stock Championship.

Write for the complimentary story, illustrated, of the fastest race for long distance ever made by man and machine.

Also our motor car *Style Book*. Ask for Series V book. It shows the National Series V cars with left side drive and center control—the very best motor car value for 1913.

Four Models, \$2,600 to \$3,000

National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



"THE child with a camera habit is no longer an interloper between the earth and sky. He is never lonesome, wherever he is, because he feels the kinship that exists between himself and all living things," says Elbert Hubbard.

The Ansco Camera is so simple in construction and easy to work, that with it a child can make as good outdoor photographs as a professional. There is *one* camera that makes a picture of every well directed exposure and puts the user out of the guessing class. That camera is

The Superb Ansco

Always use Ansco film with an Ansco or Print your pictures on Cyko paper—the with any other camera. It has the right prize-winner at all photographic exhibitions and the correct chromatic balance. Used by professionals everywhere to make good results doubly sure. where because it produces best results.

Twenty styles of Ansco Cameras, from \$2 to \$55, are shown in our catalog, "The Settled Fact." It will cost you nothing if you are really interested.

ANSCO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.

48 Engineers Built this Car as a Four-Cylinder Masterpiece

Howard E. Coffin and His Specialists Now Offer the HUDSON "37"

These 48 Engineers—Gathered from Everywhere—Have Had a Hand in Designing Over 200,000 Cars of 97 Well-Known Makes

There are more high salaried, widely experienced automobile engineers on the HUDSON Engineering Board than in any similar organization in the world.

At the head of this body—now 48 in number—is Howard E. Coffin, America's leading designer and builder of six famous cars.

No one disputes his pre-eminent position as the leader of automobile engineering progress.

His associates have been gathered from nearly every important automobile engineering organization of the world.

There are men on this Board who were the chief engineers of leading concerns. Every automobile building nation has its representatives here.

There are representatives from Germany, France, England and Italy, as well as from America.

Combined they have had a hand in building more than 200,000 cars of 97 well-known makes.

They Are Specialists—Every One

No one man can ever hope to know as much about automobiles as these men, working in unison, know.

Each is stronger for being associated with so many other experts.

Each is a specialist. Each possesses a knowledge and an ability not possessed by his fellows.

In the same way that a base ball manager in building a strong team chooses specialists who excel at certain kinds of play—at pitching, catching, batting, and base running—so Howard E. Coffin, four years ago, set out to organize the strongest body of automobile engineers to be had.

The world was his field. If a man had shown that he could get more power out of a motor than any other man had been able to get, or if one proved he could simplify work others had more crudely begun, he was induced to join this organization.

Still, there are men here who know nothing about automobile chassis designing but who

know everything about creating beautiful body lines. Some who know how to make comfortable seat cushions and backs with soft upholstery that will retain their easy qualities and not break down, were added to the organization.

Never before in any other car was so much thought given to these important items of comfort. It is a dominating characteristic of the New HUDSONS.

Worked Two Years

The result of two years' work—the master work of all these men—is shown in the New HUDSON cars.

As the experimental cars were completed, they were sent with a corps of experts and drivers who knew all road conditions, over every imaginable kind of road.

The cars were tried out last winter over roads practically impassable to other vehicles. Snow and mud and the worst weather did not interrupt these tests.

Officers of the company rode on these test trips. They demanded more emphatically than any owner can ever demand, that the quality of the New HUDSON cars should be thoroughly known to them.

The Allegheny mountains became our testing ground.

No road was too rough, too steep, too dangerous or too long for these cars to be driven over at maximum speed.

A driver—winner of many road races in America and abroad—who knows no fear—drove at top speed up rough mountain paths, through bottomless roads of mire and over every conceivable surface that a vehicle can be sent, to prove that the car has the stamina, the power and the comfort to do the work and do it with minimum fatigue to the passengers.

Consider the Stake

In reading the claims which are made for this car, consider how much is at stake on it.

The HUDSON Company has millions at stake. The future of the HUDSON will depend entirely on this car's performance.

Howard E. Coffin, now the leading American designer, has all his present prestige and future fame tied up to the car which represents his idea of perfection.

And 48 engineers in the front rank of this industry have all agreed that the HUDSON "37" represents their highest accomplishment. The future of all of them depends on this car's making good.

There was never a car on which so many men had so much at stake as the HUDSON Staff has on this. There was never a car of which so many big men said, "There is no part of this car which we know how to build better."

Consider these facts when you read the claims we make for this, the latest of the HUDSON cars.

Every HUDSON a Success

Such a body of experts render mistakes next to impossible. A dozen men check every move of each individual.

Your knowledge of American automobile history tells you that every HUDSON car of each model has been a brilliant success.

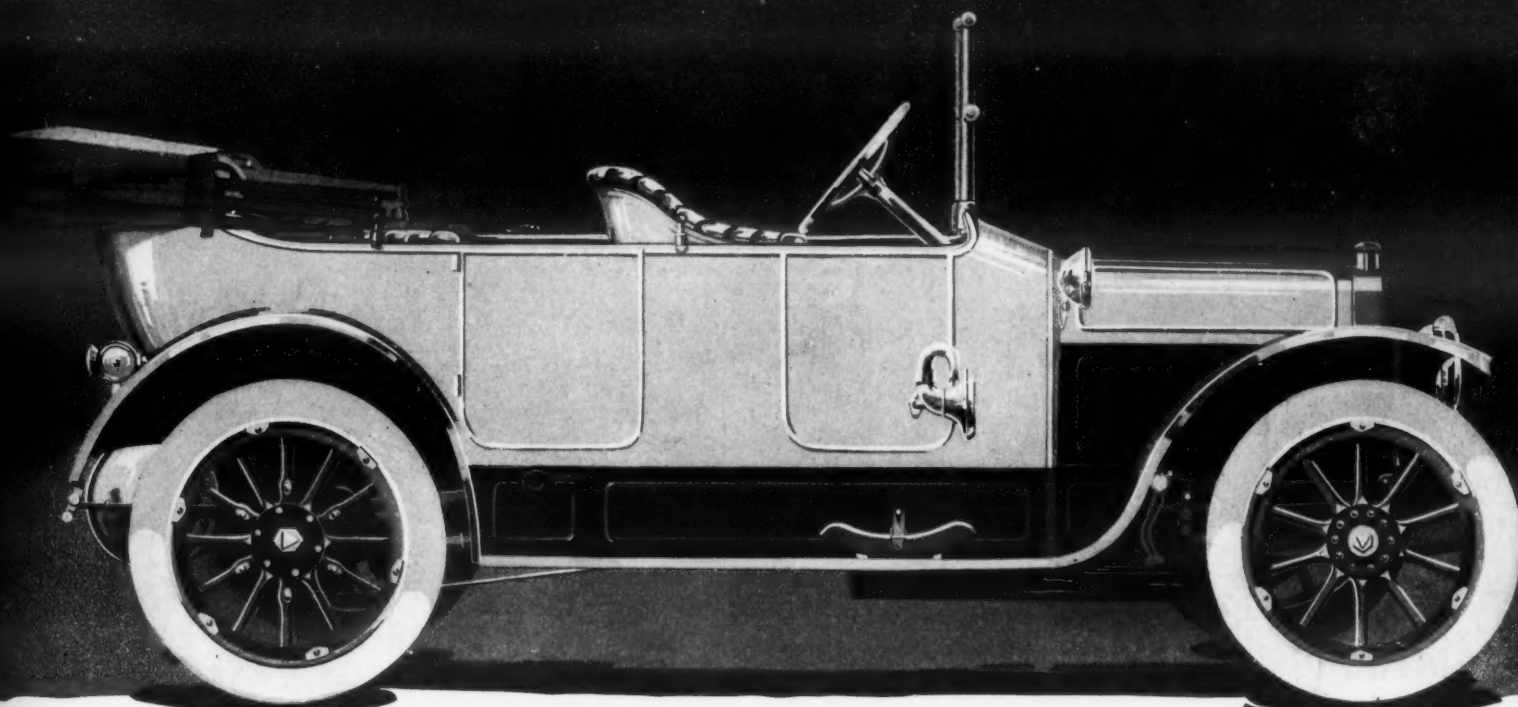
There is not the slightest question about that. The secret of such constantly increasing quality as has been shown each year in HUDSON automobiles is due to the fact that the best engineering brains in the world are used in their building.

We regard it as the most essential part of an organization. Forty-eight experts are bound to think faster, are bound to create more new features, are bound to build a more thoroughly proportioned car than any one man can ever hope to do.

No one man's personality, no one man's experience, can overshadow that of either of the other 47 except in the details which he knows better than the others know.

Such is the pedigree of the New HUDSON Cars. It is nothing short of a romance of engineering achievement. No other automobile ever so completely represented what many trained men could do. None other ever bore such unmistakable evidences of advancement and quality.

See the Triangle on the Radiator



Proof That Never Before Were so Many Perfections Worked Out in a Single Car

The aim of this enormous engineering staff has been to accomplish this:

To embrace in HUDSONS the very highest attainment in seven important points—

Safety
Simplicity
Comfort
Completeness
Luxuriousness
Responsiveness
Ease of Control

Every man on the staff believes that all these things are accomplished as they never were before. Not a man we have knows how to go farther in respect to any one.

You will say they are right when you let a HUDSON dealer demonstrate this car.

Put the car to any test you choose, to prove the point which most appeals to you. Test it for speed, for get-away, for safety, comfort or responsiveness.

Test it for long operation without fatigue to the passengers, over the roughest, steepest roads. Note how ruts and bumps are passed over without any jolt or jar.

Note the comfort, the sense of safety, the ease of manipulation. Note the reserve power evident under the hardest conditions.

Put this car to strenuous tests, such as we have made. When you are done you will agree with our conclusions. There was never a car better able to meet them.

These are seven important features. There are other designers who specialize on one of them. In that respect the cars they make may equal the HUDSON "37."

But we have specialists on each of these features—48 specialists in all. And each in his field is the best we could find in the years we have spent in searching.

So the HUDSON "37" excels in all these requirements. In each it marks the very highest attainment in automobile designing. It combines the best in every point which you regard important.

All at Modest Price

And the best point is that all these things are accomplished without extravagance.

Note the features below—the very best features known to modern engineering.

Note the comforts, the luxuries, the conveniences—each the best of its kind yet invented.

You find all of them here—every feature you seek. And all at a price which makes the best affordable.

Those are the attractions which these 48 designers have worked out for you in the HUDSON cars just out.

Electric Self-Cranking—Electrically Lighted

Electric Self-Cranking. Automatic. Will turn over motor 30 minutes. Free from complications. Simple. Positively effective.

Electric Lights. Brilliant head lights. Side lights. Tail Lamp. Illuminated dash. Extension lamp for night work about car. All operated by handy switch on dash.

Ignition. Integral with electric cranking and electric lighting equipment. Gives magneto spark. Known as Delco Patented System, the most effective, efficient yet produced.

Speedometer. Clock. Illuminated face. Magnetic construction. Jeweled bearings. Registers up to 60 miles an hour. Eight day keyless clock.

Windshield. Rain vision and ventilating. Not a makeshift. Not an attachment. A part of the body.

Upholstering. Highest development of automobile upholstery. Sofa type. Soft, flexible, resilient. Comfortable positions. Hand-buffed leather—the best to be had. 12 inches deep.

Horn—Bulb type. Concealed tubing.

Demountable Rims. Latest type. Light. Easily removed. Carry 36" x 4" Fisk tires—**heavy car type.** Extra rim.

Top. Genuine mohair. Graceful lines. Well fitted. Storm curtains. Dust envelope.

Bodies. Note illustration. Deep, low, wide and comfortable. You sit in the car—not on it. High

backs. Graceful lines. All finished according to best coach painting practices. 21 coats—varnish and color.

Nickel trimmings throughout.

Gasoline Tank. Gasoline is carried in tank at rear of car. Simple, effective with two pound pressure. Keeps constant supply in carburetor either going up or down hill. Magnetic gasoline gauge continually indicates gasoline level.

Wheels. Extra strong. Artillery type. Ten spokes in front wheel. Ten hub flange bolts. Twelve spokes in rear wheel. Six hub flange bolts. Six spoke bolts.

Bearings. All roller bearings, thoroughly tested. Latest type.

Rear Axle. Pressed steel. Full adjustable, full floating. Large bearings. Heat treated nickel steel shafts. Easily disassembled, an item which indicates the simplicity and get-at-ability of the entire car.

Models and Price. Five Passenger Touring. Five Passenger Torpedo. Two Passenger Roadster—\$1875, f.o.b. Detroit. One price to all—everywhere.

Simplicity. The HUDSON standard of simplicity is maintained. Every detail is accessible. There is no unnecessary weight. All oiling places are convenient. There are but two grease cups on the motor. Every unit is so designed that it can be quickly and easily disassembled. Think what an advance this is over even the previous HUDSON—the "33"—the "Car with 1000 less parts."

Dealers are now showing and proving the claims made for this new car. Write for the address of the one nearest you. Let us also send you further particulars of the HUDSON "37" and at the same time tell you something of the "Six" which is soon to be announced.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

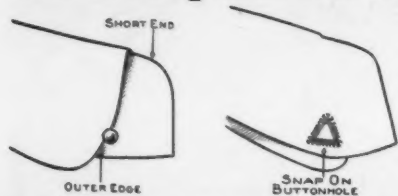
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The Improved Collar Buttonhole



It's the newest buttonhole—the strongest and most practicable

THIS latest closed-front shape has the LINOCORD "SNAP-ON" BUTTONHOLE which is

worked into the band so that it will neither stretch nor break in the laundering process, and no matter how moist the collar becomes during the hot days it will not spread or pull apart, and when placed on the collar button it cannot slip off. It is simple to adjust to the collar button, as it snaps on and off with ease. It holds the collar together in front and gives it that much sought for straight, closed-front effect every time it is worn. Has Ample Scarf Space.

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Collars 2 for 25¢
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Catcher for the Red Sox, Boston Americans writes:

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Gentlemen:—There is a feeling of comfort in your Silver Collars that appeals to me. I find their buttonholes very satisfactory, because they are not bothersome to adjust, and I have never had one of them tear out.

Your very truly,

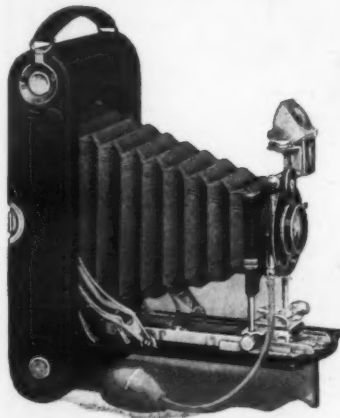
(Signed) William F. Carrigan.



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A snap-shot in one two-hundredth part of a second—a slow snap-shot in the shade, even indoor snap-shots under favorable conditions, and all without the loss of any of the Kodak simplicity. Such are the capabilities of the

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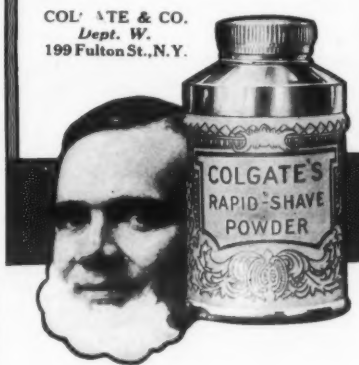
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Crease 'Em With the "Nu-Pantz"

Crease your trousers in five minutes with the "Nu-Pantz" Creaser. Also presses ties, creases coat sleeves, removes wrinkles, etc. Does the work just as your tailor does it, by heat and pressure. Self-heated any time, any place, in three minutes. Pressure exerted by spring tension, simple and easy to operate with perfect results.

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One suit with the "Nu-Pantz" gives more real service than two without. Save two-thirds the usual pressing and always appear neat and well-kept. Soon repays its cost many times and adds hundreds of dollars to personal appearance.

Five Days Free Trial Complete aluminum outfit weighs but two pounds. Send \$3.00 for the "Nu-Pantz" Creaser, express paid. Use it five days. If you wish to part with it we will pay return express and refund your money.

Write at once for full description and approval offer.

Racine Creaser Co., 12th St., Racine, Wis.

Bryan Says "Boo!"

(Concluded from page 21)



Tammany Overheard

"What right has a — schoolmaster mixing up in politics?"

in the midst of delegates who, in spite of his title to the honor, had formally rejected his leadership even as a chairman. He was no longer the man who by oratory swayed a gathering off its feet; he was no longer a man who had the emotional following of his party. Hisses greeted him. Hate looked at him out of the eyes of those who saw in him an obstacle. Yet from first to last, sitting in the seat of a delegate with his palm-leaf fan, without a tremor in his finger throughout the long and fierce battle, with a little of his consciousness of power playing at the corners of his mouth, and with the light springing up in his eyes as the few who came to greet him touched his shoulder, Mr. Bryan was the figure of a master. A seasoned veteran, or perhaps an inspired genius, he rose occasionally and punctuated the course of the Democratic Convention without a mistake of strategy. When the power of the people was needed, Bryan called aloud. His voice then became the voice of a magician! Those who hated him feared him; those who feared him hated him; those who reviled him reviled a figure of stone. For some understandings he was too large. Men of small motives, small manners, and small morals not only do not understand men larger than they. They can not understand such men.

The second significant thing about the Convention was its nominee.

Wilson is fifty-six years old. He has spent a lifetime in teaching; he is the "Schoolmaster" that they call him. But that in itself is significant. A man who has been but three years in politics is a new kind of candidate for the Presidency!

With this fact one may be startled and anxious, or with this fact one may be inspired and hopeful. It depends upon one's imagination. It depends upon Wilson. The rank and file of Democracy wanted him. They believed him honest. They believed him efficient. He had a short record, but they liked it.

That was the final significant and vital thing about the struggle in Baltimore. The nomination was made by pressure from without. Until the Convention met many of the rank and file and many of the delegates who represented them did not know that after all Woodrow Wilson was the man they wanted. They learned it little by little; they found expression for the idea; they forced their point.

WILSON'S fight before the Convention was won not by revolution; it was won by evolution. In it, demonstrations and sensations did not count. Votes came in ones and twos, then in dozen lots—at last the avalanche. Whatever Mr. Bryan thought of it, he had beaten the "gang" to a frazzle, and he still wore the smile of the sphinx.

The Baltimore Affair from Three Angles

(Concluded from page 19)

he fought 'em, from the drop of the hat. All they wanted to do with him was sew him up in burlap and bury him under the weeping willows. We all wanted harmony, but lookin' back at it, boys, I begin to perceive that you can't expect sheep and goats to bleat in the same key. It started with a skirmish and finished with a massacre. The people had won a great big victory. In the hour of triumph they were politely requested to stand aside and let the boys lookin' for meal tickets take charge of the jubilee. And becuz William Jennings rose up and demanded a real progressive candidate, he was called a disturbing element. Mr. Murphy wanted a man who would look like a progressive from the front, but who could be counted on to leave the back door

open and receive friendly calls from the boys who gave him the votes. We didn't want anybody who was in cahoots with Murphy because we never heard of Murphy workin' for anybody but himself. We wanted the only big caliber progressive statesman in sight. And we got him. But we had to fight all the way."

Charley Borklen, foreman of the traction plowers, said that he guessed New York Democrats must be funny to look at.

"I felt sorry for some of them," said the delegate. "Here's a man with a ninety-dollar suit an' a pleated shirt, his whiskers trimmed, nails polished, two automobiles, wife owns a dog, house full of servants—and yet anybody walkin' upstreet with him is under suspicion. Gitte!"

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non-skid and wearing quali-
ties have set a new stand-
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don't "heat up." The circulation of air
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under the most liberal conditions, to give 4,000
actual miles service—this guarantee being attached
to each tire.

Full purchase price of each set refunded if after
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RUBBER CO.**
4404 Papin Street,
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Sound and Madness

(Concluded from page 20)

after each roll call. They made him
vote as they told him. They forced him,
not with bribes, but by exhausting him.
After a time he ceased to wonder what
Mattie would say to him and how the
folks back home would talk of him. He
just hung himself on his chair back and
let his nerves sag under the chaos of
noise. Once in a while he wandered out
and got a drink. At such a time he met
a white-haired old delegate from an East-
ern State. To him John Henry spoke in-
coherently of the Convention as he had
found it. The old man nodded.

"I know. I've been going to Conven-
tions for thirty years. I wouldn't any
more miss one than I'd miss celebrating
my wedding anniversary. And the thing
that keeps me going to them is that I'm
hoping some day to see a great man come
out of one. I just want to see how the
man would act and how the Convention
would act. I'm getting along pretty old
now, and I haven't seen the real thing yet,
though I've been awful near it. I've got
my eye on Wilson here. There's no doubt
but he's a fine man. What I want to know
is if he's a great one. Maybe Bryan is
too."

Smith shook his head. "I'm afraid
either of them would break up the party."

"Pshaw, son! A man don't break up a
party. Its actually busted up long before
he gets the credit for it. If a party has
got a living, breathing principle, nobody
can break it up. When it's smashed, it
deserves it."

SMITH went back to his seat. It was
three o'clock in the morning. For days
the third act had held the stage, the chorus
working back and forth monotonously:
now sullenly, as if at the bidding of the
principals, now doggedly as if blindly
working out some scheme of its own. The
lights burned blue through the haze of
bad air and dust. There were fewer and
fewer specialties. Only Bryan concentra-
ted more and more on situations that
racked the nerves of the entire company.

John Henry bought a drink of water
from a fat man in a wet red flannel shirt,
pulled a peeling cigar out of his pocket
and stuck it in his mouth. "I'm going to
vote," he said, "the way my people in-
structed me to. I believe the people know
what they want. I'm going to do my
share toward landing the diamond where
it belongs, even if it finishes me."

"Friend," said the man beside him,
"don't worry about the people. They ain't
one bit better than the things they vote
for. If they don't care, why should you?
Why should you sweat to deliver a paste
diamond just because you promised to?"

"But yours is the paste too!" roared
Smith.

"Sure," agreed the man, "but you help
push it along, too, or we'll get you—where
you live."

John Henry Smith groaned. The propo-
sition was quite beyond him. Of but one
thing was he sure—this was that, of sum-
mer nights, when he sat on the front porch
with Mattie and the boy and listened to
the crickets in the garden, things were not
going to be serene with him. He had lost
a step, lost a certain simplicity of faith
that he had gotten from his father; he
had been smudged in a place that he had
kept inviolate. The memory would al-
ways hurt. There was but one consoling
thought, a revolutionary thought to Smith.
Perhaps the new leader would prove a
great one, even though he destroyed the
party. Perhaps! He caught in his simple
mind a certain inevitability of onward
movement that must leave him and many
old ideals behind.

New days, new ways, sometimes good,
sometimes bad. And always "one may
find many a fallen old divinity wandering
on bewildered shores."

Gleams

❑ Everything must change—change alone
is everlasting.

❑ Everything in nature as well as in man
has a twofold aspect, and one side in-
variably contradicts the other.

❑ Life is always ambiguous, never pal-
pable.

❑ Life's problems, even the simplest, will
not let themselves be reduced to terms of
mathematical preciseness.

—EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

The cool office even in midsummer—with gentle
breezes playing among the busy workers and keeping
them cheerful, comfortable, contented—that is the office where work
is done happily. And it's also the office which makes use of the

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Electric Fan

In the small office or in the home
the G-E 8-inch Oscillating Fan (the
smallest oscillating fan made) will
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the room for the most trifling cost—
you can have the comfort of its swing-
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G-E Fans give pleasant days at
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and the painstaking workmanship that
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enclosed so that no oil-clogged dust
soils the hands or clothing.

G-E Fans—fixed and oscillating
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styles for home use and for stores, of-
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But be sure the fan you get bears the
G-E trade mark, which means long
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Electric shops, stores carrying elec-
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can supply you.

"The Twitch of a Switch"

illustrates many new and inexpensive
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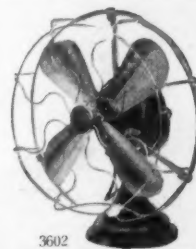
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protects you on house-wiring mate-
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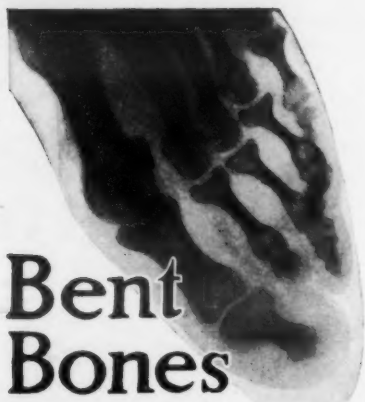


3602



"The pride that breaks"
has prompted many a man
to buy a heavy, expensive
car—when a light, strong
Ford would have served
his purpose infinitely
better. But to-day, he
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More than 75,000 new Fords go into service this
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with all equipment. Catalogue—and name of
nearest representative—from Ford Motor Com-
pany, Detroit.



Bent Bones

Do Your Feet Have Them?

THIS X-Ray photograph shows what narrow, pointed shoes do to the bones of the feet. Shows why such feet have corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc. Shows why foot comfort is impossible in such shoes.

Honestly, now, is it sensible to wear narrow bone-bending shoes when you can wear a handsome shoe like the Educator which has plenty of space for all foot bones without any ugly looseness?

Made for men, women and children. They "let the child's feet grow as they should," and let the "grown-ups" bent foot bones settle back into solid comfort.

Look for the name Educator, branded on the sole of every genuine Educator. If your dealer doesn't keep them, write us for catalog, and we will see that you get a pair.

We also make the famous *All America* and *Signet* shoes for men, and the *Mayfair* for women.

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A Woman Naturalist

A Personal Account of the Work and Adventures of a Woman Collector in the Wilderness of Tropical America

By ELIZABETH KERR

A WOMAN must have two qualities to be a successful naturalist. She must love nature, and she must be without fear. I can narrow my eyes along the steel-blue barrel of a gun. I can look without fear into the sullen face of a hostile native. Yet, also, these same eyes of mine bring me a message of pleasure when a gorgeous-winged butterfly flits across the still, dark green tangle of vines and creepers.

My own countrymen who have come down to this South American coast have said to me: "Mrs. Kerr, you must be the bravest woman in the world." I do not know. There are the Mathilde Moisons—they flirt with death in the clouds. There are the Annie Pecks—they court it over the edge of an abyss. But my work in the jungles of South America, collecting rare tropical birds for museums and private collectors, certainly does bring me face to face with many varieties of danger every day. I never know which one of my enemies will claim me—savage beasts, alligators, hostile natives, possibly starvation or the pestilential fever which reaches out greedy fingers from the dark swamps. Often I see no human being for three weeks at a time. Yet I am not afraid. And I love the jungle.

My wants are simple—a gun, some poison, and any old thing to eat. I wear bloomers, a long shooting jacket with pockets everywhere, and a rubber hat to protect me from the tropical rains which sometimes amount almost to cloudbursts. My outfit consists of a small, light bake oven, coffee-pot, a pot for boiling, a tent, a folding cot, and mosquito netting. Sometimes I can get natives to help me, but often I am compelled to carry my own outfit, for the Atrato negro is very superstitious. He believes in evil spirits, is afraid of tigers and alligators, and no money could hire him to sleep in places where I often spend weeks alone.

Sometimes when there are savage beasts about I climb into the tree tops and spend the night with the monkeys for companions.

One thing with which I have had to contend in this country is the hatred of the natives for all Americans.

ON THE RIVER TRAIL

I START out with my gun over my shoulder from the quaint old city of Cartagena, where I make my headquarters between hunting trips, take the old road leading out from the city into the wilderness, and paddle up the Atrato River to where I have a little house built up on poles like the other native huts. For the Atrato River overflows its banks here for hundreds of miles, and, as in Venice, we have to do most of our traveling by canoe.

As I push upstream in my little canoe, past gorgeous flowering vines—which I know enough to leave alone, for death lurks in their glossy folds—under great, gloomy, overhanging trees, with immense vines trailing down to the water, a strange bird flies into the branches of a tree ahead of me. I paddle softly with my gaze fixed on the branches of the tree. The boat runs ashore.

There is a sudden splash, a terrific blow over the bow of the canoe which almost shivers it to pieces, and my

gaze is suddenly brought down from the bird to a big alligator which has been asleep on the shore and which I did not notice.

The alligator plunges off into deep water, and I am left lamenting because the bird has taken fright and flown away.

NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE

I DO not mount the birds. I make what are, in museum parlance, called "skins." The rarest bird I find in Colombia and the most difficult to secure is the jabiru (*Mycteria americana*), five feet tall, with a spread of wings of one hundred inches, a snowy, satiny white with a band of crimson wattles about the neck. He is the most difficult of all birds to stalk, showing almost human intelligence in his self-defense. He always selects the most open places to feed, far from trees which might

hide an enemy, and at every step he turns his head from side to side. At the least motion strange to him or the slightest sound like the striking of a match, he is up and away in majestic flight. But once in the air he seems to lose all fear, and will pass right over you without deviating an inch from his line of flight. Then you get him.

Again I am in the heart of the jungle, miles from any human being. Night comes down, the great velvety stars come out, the hum of the insect orchestra begins. I put the coffee-pot over the coals and eat my lonely supper. Then I lie down under my mosquito bar and look up at the great stars. Sometimes pictures of daintily dressed women back in civilization drift across my mind. But with the red-dening of the east in the morning there is all this wonderful panorama of the wilderness around me!

COLOMBIA A NATURALIST'S PARADISE

HOW did I happen to take up such a strange life? Well, a great grief drives some women to enter the convent. It caused me to shoulder a gun and march into the wilderness. I inherit my love of shooting. When I was too small to raise a gun an older brother would hold it while I pulled the trigger. I got together an outfit, left my home in the States and came to South America. That was three years ago.

With time this life has become second nature to me. There is joy in the wild freedom of it. My only sorrow is that I have to sell the beautiful and interesting things I get.

Colombia is a naturalist's paradise. Such an abundance of animal forms I have not found anywhere else. In a hundred years I would not be able to exhaust this teeming life which is calling me night and day.

AN ANTICIPATED ADVENTURE

I HOPE soon to secure sufficient funds to make an expedition to the Pacific Coast range among the San Blas Indians. No white man has ever penetrated the country which I intend to visit, but I am convinced that the Indians will allow me to enter, as they will not suspect me of looking for gold. In fact, they have sent word by one of the tribe that if I will come alone they will send bearers to carry my baggage.

I am a fixture in Cartagena, Colombia, and hope to follow this life as long as I am able to work.



Mrs. Elizabeth Kerr and a trophy



"There is Beauty in Every Jar"

TAKE Milkweed Cream on your summer outings. It gives the skin softness, whitens it and increases its resisting power, making the face less susceptible to sun and wind.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Apply Milkweed Cream gently—without rubbing—twice a day. It gives your skin power to resist flabbiness, and the lines of time. It protects against rough winds, redness, freckles and sunburn. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Preserves Good Complexions—Improves Bad Complexions

A PERSONAL TEST:

Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties. Write us the name and address of your druggist, and we will send you, FREE, through him, a box of assorted samples of our toilet essentials. Or, enclose ten cents, and we will mail the samples direct to you. Address

Frederick F. Ingram Company
59 Tenth St. Detroit, Mich.
Windsor, Ont.



Gingerbread

Well-made Gingerbread, never soggy, but fluffy and light, delights the children and is pleasing to grown-ups. To make it creamy, fluffy and light, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

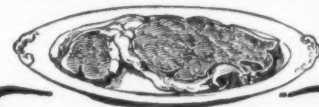
RECIPE—Beat one-half pound butter and six ounces of sugar to a cream, add six well-beaten eggs and beat thoroughly. Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in a little hot water, add it to two cups molasses; mix and stir into the first mixture; then add six tablespoonsful Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with one and three-fourths cups water, and one quart and a pint of flour. Beat smooth; add two heaping tablespoonsful of ginger, mix, pour into well greased shallow pans and bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes.



Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

The EUREKA Vacuum Cleaner does its work so thoroughly, quietly and easily that it will clean up any mess. Soon every modern home will be cleaned by suction process. We guarantee the Eureka most satisfactory of all cleaners or no pay. Price surprisingly low. Write for the Eureka Book. Agents Wanted Everywhere
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1262 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.



Steaks Roasts

Best Cooks

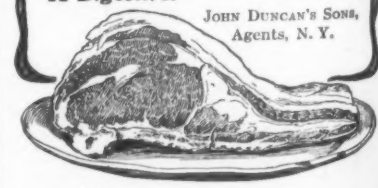
use Lea & Perrins' Sauce. It has a rare and subtle flavor which no other condiment possesses.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Imparts a delightful relish to Soups, Fish, Gravies, Stews, Chops and Salad Dressings. An Appetizer. A Digestive.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.





Enjoying the Want Ad

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

APPARENTLY, only half of the country knows how to employ and enjoy classified advertising. In the East the classified columns remain simply a department of old-fashioned "want ads." In the West their latest use has been to beat up a husband; and for years they have satirized public officials, trained poets, stimulated mental alertness in general, and served as a communication forum for the humor or wrath of the many-mooded public.

WANTED—A man to thrash a wife beater; \$10 reward; easy work. Mrs. R. B. G—, — Avenue.

When the appeal here reproduced appeared in a Seattle paper, eight men responded. Even in progressive Washington a husband may not be recalled on a single scratched ballot cast by a suffraged wife. When the mayor, the chief of police, and the prosecuting attorney had refused to consider so much as a referendum, Mrs. G— had no recourse but to popular government by want ad. She selected the second applicant for the place, "a husky youth who said it would be a pleasure to do the work for \$5." His instructions called for a slap-choke-knockdown-and-roll-on-the-floor job, disabling or disfigurement barred. His work gave such satisfaction that Mrs. G— insisted that he accept the full \$10 fee.

It has long been recognized that even a small advertisement, if meaty, may accomplish wonders. This is how it happens that the want ad can be a powerful medium to satirize public officials. Great things may be expected of Kansas in this connection—a State that rarely disappoints. Observe then, for an example, how in Junction City a little while back the Rev. Marvin M. Culpepper, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, used a modest want ad (but writ in the Kansas language) to open a thunderous campaign upon the lassitude of municipal servants:

WANTED—A few city officers who can see at night; also one mayor with unimpaired olfactory nerves; a lot of citizens to go after the boot-leggers, but not as some have been doing; mothers for the young girls that walk the streets at night and are seen in the company of young men of doubtful character.

Lives there a Western paper with want-ad page so dead that the riming notice writer isn't morn or evening read? To



one author we bestow immortality for a verse about a purple cow; to another we give our moving-van trade for such daily effusions as:

I like a wife who's never cross,
I like the blooming roses;
I like to have a going boss
Who, when he goes, he goes.

I like a man of real merit,
One who but seldom boozes;
I like a mover like L. LERITZ,
Who, when he moves, he moves.

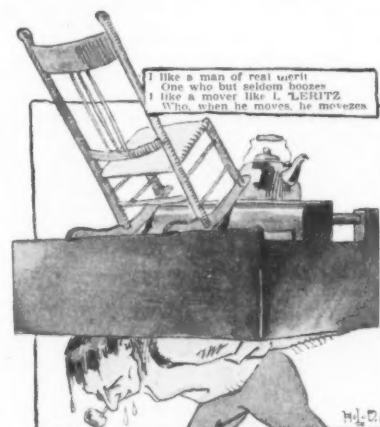
This ad, which used to have great popularity in southern Missouri, is a product of the imagination:

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, not a day over thirty, would be pleased to correspond with eligible man. Not absolutely necessary that he should be young. Would prefer one with property, but one with a good-paying position would be satisfactory. The young lady is of medium height, has brown hair and gray eyes, not fat, although most decidedly she is not skinny. Her friends say she is a fine-looking woman. Object matrimony. Reason for this advertisement, the young woman lives in a dinky town, where the best catches are the boys behind the counters in the dry goods and clothing stores, and every one is spoken for by the time he is out of short pants. Address Hazel Eyes, Box 23, Bingville, Missouri.

Plenty of genuine communications from the public surround the fictions. You must be discerning enough to be able to tell jest from heartfelt earnestness, as when you read:

WANTED—The name of the low-principled, dirty, cowardly sneak that poisoned my baby's white dog last night. The lower regions would be a paradise for the yellow-livered, low-down whelp, and I want to give him just a five-minute sample of it before he gets home. If you want some easy money, name him.

Eastward the course of progress—in want ads as in forms of popular government—relentlessly takes its way. Ponder!



The Reckoning

(Concluded from page 17)

unveiling what had been sacred for five years.

"That is hard—but it is the sinner who has to pay for his crime. And he must keep on paying."

"We got to pay, somehow, for everything we get. I've thought a good deal about what I'll have to pay for the thing I've got to do." He quietly placed a new log on the coals and waited for it to blaze. "I've got to kill him—when I find him. It ain't a pretty story," he said wearily. "I like to forget it—that's why I ain't looked for him. I'll run across him some day—that's the way things happen. An' I'm waitin'—just like I been waitin' since that night I come home and found her gone. It's all happened lots o' times, I reckon. I married her—an' I had to go away once. When I come back all the windows was shut down, an' everything was dusty. There was a letter—but she didn't tell me the man's name. It's him I'm waitin' for." He fumbled in his wallet and brought out the photograph of a woman. "The Lord makes some women too good lookin'," he said, brooding over the pictured face.

"When was it, Bill?" Ramón asked. His voice was shaking, and it was the first time he had used the Christian name. "At Palomas—five years ago." He gave him the picture.

Ramón looked at it. A soft wind stirred in the young mesquite, and a lizard scuttled noiselessly from the brush to the fire but turned back, frightened at the blaze.

"Madre Dios," Ramón whispered, and put his head down on his arms.

The little wind died away softly in the shallows of the dunes.

The picture dropped into the fire, and Ramón reached for it.

"Don't touch it!" Bill said. He kicked it deeper into the coals. "She don't want to see this." He stood up, waiting. His face was white, and the pupils of his eyes were distended and blackened.

Ramón got up. "I am ready," he said wearily. "It has been hell—straight through."

Bill looked at him, feeling a torrent of rage mounting steadily toward his head. Fighting it down for five years had not lessened its strength. He saw Ramón's pale, sensitive face and long-lashed eyes as he had never seen them before—as the woman must have seen them. "I can't shoot you down like a dog—now." He was reviewing the incidents that linked his life with Ramón's. He remembered him unlocking the door of Number Ten—and the drenched blanket that flamed on the corners.

"You're no coward. I can't shoot you down—like I want to. It's a fair fight—now." He was thinking of the white skirt that had fluttered behind the screens of the patio. "If you can go—go back to her—then—you won't have to pay any more—"

Ramón waited, his hands hanging listlessly at his sides. Bill drew the two six-shooters from his belt and Ramón accepted one of them.

"And the signal?" Ramón asked. He broke a twig from the mesquite and, kneeling, braced it in the coals. Bill rebelled at the injustice of having to balance such an account with a man who was not afraid to turn his back.

"When the twig burns out," Ramón said, rising. He walked around the camp fire, and Bill, moving back an equal distance, faced him across it.

THE mesquite was green and slow to burn. Watching it, Bill forgot everything that had filled up the five years. It was as if he had met Ramón on the threshold of that dusty home to which he had returned. He was exultant in the strength of his hatred and the memory of his violated love. The twig caught fire and the leaves at the base of it turned brown. He was glad that he had not shot him down as he had waited to do and as he had the right to do. Such things belonged to lesser men, cradled in the civilization that lay across the desert. It was better that men should meet alone, in equal fairness, away from everything save themselves and their God. The flame crept upward, and Bill remembered the tenderness in the girl's eyes when he had first kissed her. Across the fire he saw that Ramón's lips were moving, as if he prayed. The mesquite blackened and Bill raised his six-shooter. He felt strong and secure, as men have always felt fighting over women. As the twig broke he saw the light on the other gun barrel. He fired, and the echo rang in the dunes. Ramón moved as if he were about to step forward.

He ran to him and caught him in his arms. There was blood on the shirt above the heart, and there was no pulse in the wrists.

Bill laid him back gently in the sand. When he saw the quiet smile on the lips he knelt down and began to cry. The sobs were torn out of the very depths of his being—he was crying over other dead things than the body beside him. The tears poured down his face, but he did not know how to wipe them away. He had had no need of tears.

Afterward, under a new dawn bright with promise, he dug a grave in the shadow of the dunes. When all was done he looked out across the changeless desert to the Mexican hills—where lay freedom. When he turned back he was smiling. He took his six-shooters from the sand to clean them, for he had a long trip before him. He emptied the cylinders; only one cartridge had been fired.

He sat a long time looking at the pale light that hovered over the eastern dunes. Then he slowly mounted his burro and turned its head toward the jail at Cochina.

Copy

(Continued from page 15)

wouldn't get a chance to gossip. He says they are talking like the mischief anyway. I don't see why he doesn't let them know we are engaged—it isn't a disgrace to be in love. A man's viewpoint is so hard to understand. I always feel furtive when I follow out J—'s instructions. It makes me uncomfortable—but he must know, of course.

I never used to believe that a man's lips could blot out the whole world, but I do now. Thank goodness, our love is our own and not "copy." Loving J— has made me so much of a woman. I want a house and home tasks and feminine things. I want to put on a frilly apron and dust and go to market. I don't want fame now, I'm tired—tired of being a sexless thing. I wish mother was nearer. I must write to her to-night; I haven't written home in ages. I've felt too much of an outsider, too far away from it all, but my love for J— has broken down the barriers, and I want them—I want them—all. I don't see why he says not to tell them of our love—it isn't fair, it brings up doubts and fears that hurt.

I'm not sure, though, that they don't grow worse because I put them down this way. It makes them tangible, and they won't go away. My heart aches with one big question.

There's the phone ringing, and I've a "hunch" that it's for me. J— likes to call up and say good night. After all,

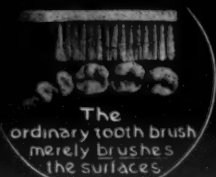
what do the doubts matter? Nothing really counts except happiness—happiness and the man. Some one is coming down the hall—it is for me. J—, my dear, my dear, I love you, and nothing else matters.

NOVEMBER 5—My birthday. What a celebration there would be if I were home. Such mysterious parcels, such kisses, and such a delightful sense of the whole household being *en fête*. You never think of these things till they've gone, however. So this morning I tumbled out of bed in the cold and fog, did my hair by gaslight, and went sleepily to work because I am "on early" this week.

My birthday! It's hard to realize it. It means the beginning of a new year for me, a new page in the book of life, and at its top I must write: "I have lost my illusions of girlhood and have become a woman, with more than a woman's knowledge of the world's sin and sorrow and joy. And I have learned to love."

There was a surprise for me at the office: the hermit had sent me some roses because I had 'fessed up I was born on Guy Fawkes Day. J— forgot, but I loved him for that purely masculine trait. Was it the newspaper man who sees little things with a man's eyes that forgave, I wonder, or the purely feminine me that forgives because she loves? The woman that not even becoming a machine to grind out copy can entirely obliterate.

(To be Concluded)



The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces



Only ONE tooth brush really cleans between the teeth



Packing Your Pro-phy-lac-tic

before you go on your vacation means that your teeth will be in good condition when you get back. Dentists and doctors recommend the Pro-phy-lac-tic, because it is the one tooth brush that thoroughly removes the food particles from between *all* the teeth, both back and front alike. You can not clean teeth by brushing *over* them. The ordinary, flat-faced tooth brush merely brushes the exposed tooth surfaces. The

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

gives you direct access to every part of your mouth and *really* cleans every tooth in your head.

The irregular, tufted bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic get into the crevices. Its curved handle (flexible, if you want it) reaches the back teeth that are beyond the reach of the flat-faced brush. The Pro-phy-lac-tic saves your gums as well as your teeth.

You can hang it up, it dries quickly, is absolutely sanitary. In individual yellow box which protects against handling. Hard, medium and soft bristle textures. Prices, 25c, 35c, 40c.

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Every Pro-phy-lac-tic guaranteed. We replace if defective. If your dealer does *not* sell the Pro-phy-lac-tic we will supply direct. Send his name.

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